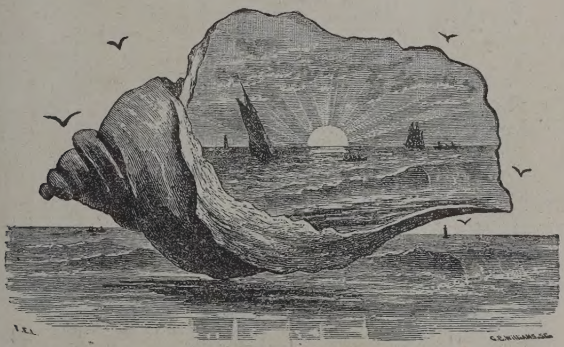
THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1881.

OCEAN GROVE.



MEMORIES OF THE SEA.

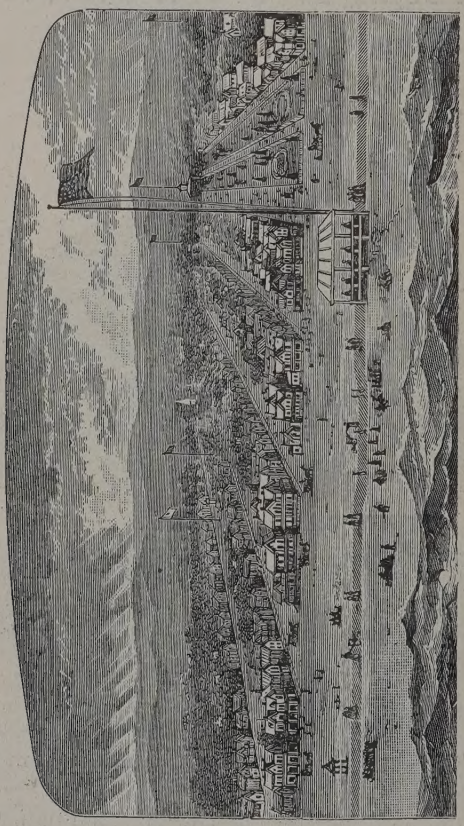
ONE of the most remarkable aspects of modern life is the annual holiday migration of multitudes of people who sigh—

O for a sight of the sea,
For a breath from the breezy down,
From the whirl of life for a season free,
From the rush of the crowded town!

When the "dog-days" draw near, the migratory instinct begins to assert itself. Vague longings for the country, the mountains, the sea shore, are felt. *Paterfamilias* scans the advertising columns of the papers for announcements of summer resorts. *Materfamilias* prepares the young folks' travelling dresses and

bathing costumes. The Saratoga trunks are got out and refurbished and packed. Maps are scanned, time-tables consulted, routes are discussed, trains and steamboats are crowded, and the whole world, it seems, is on the wing.

The intense strain of modern business, the enervating character of domestic cares and city life, renders this annual relaxa-



OCEAN GROVE—FROM THE SEA.

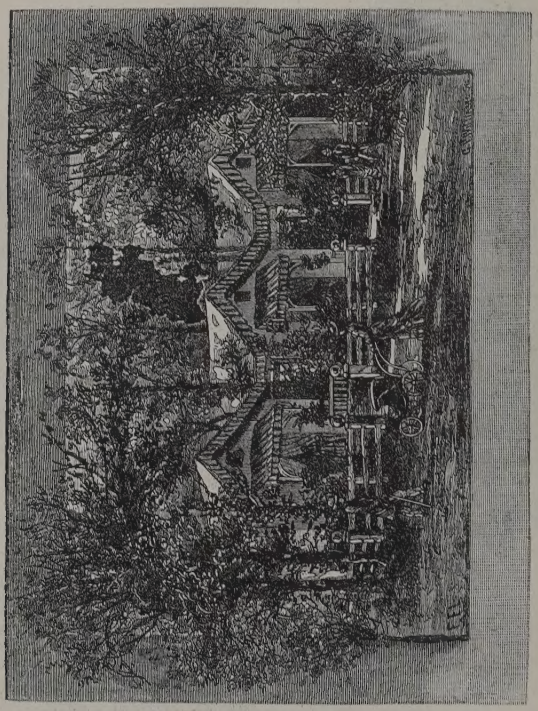
tion an almost essential necessary to mental and physical health. Yet it is not always easy to make a wise choice of a summer resort. In seeking health and rest, one requires the comforts and conveniences of home, and wholesome diet. These things

at a fashionable hotel command a high price, and require a long purse. Mr. Quiverful must seek a summer home with less pomp, and probably more comfort. Moreover, the moral influences of a fashionable watering-place—a Newport, or Long

Wesley Lake, Looking Toward the Sea.

Branch, or Saratoga, with their dancing and dissipation, their folly and frivolity and worse—are such, that people professing godliness can neither patronize themselves nor expose their young people to the temptation and moral deterioration almost inseparable therefrom. Happily the demand for more rational

and healthful summer resorts has produced the supply, or possibly the supply may have developed the very liberal patronage which they receive. Certain it is that such places as Martha's Vineyard, Orchard Beach, Ocean Grove, Round Lake, the Thousand Islands, and our own Grimsby, supply the means for the



TENT LIFE.

invigoration of the mental and moral powers as well as those of the body. It is well that it is so. No class need more the rest and strength to be gained from the cool breezes by the waterside than the toiling denizens of the crowded cities—the teachers, and preachers, and clerks, and merchants, with their wives, worn by household cares, and children cooped up for many months in school, who nevertheless cannot afford the costly relaxation of the fashionable resort, even if their conscientious

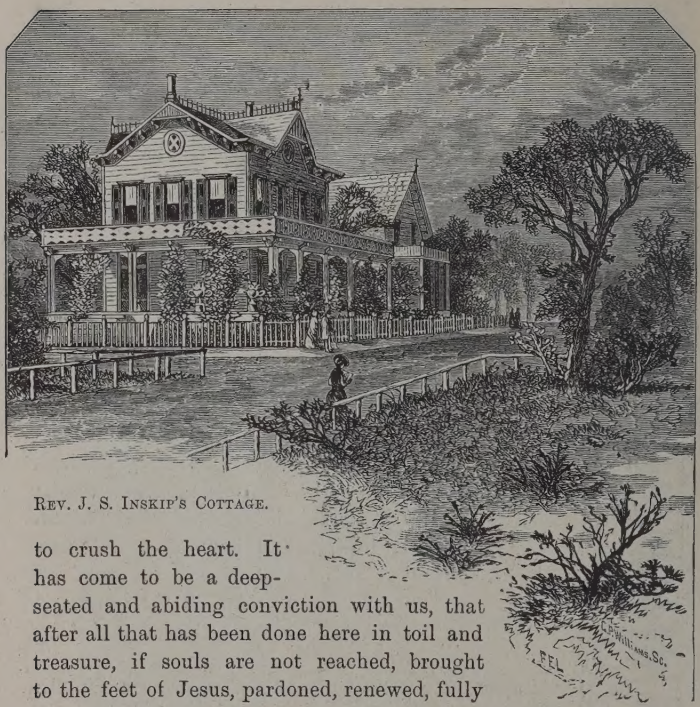
scruples did not prevent their participation in such frivolous scenes.

Ocean Grove has won wide fame for the admirable manner in which it provides for the physical and spiritual needs of its patrons. Its religious services are its most striking feature. Special prominence is given to the doctrine of scriptural holiness and to the promotion of the higher life in the soul. For two months last year, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who have had such long and varied experience in the deep things of God, maintained a meeting, from which the most hallowed results have flowed. Drs. Inskip and Macdonald have also laboured with great success.

Other meetings of great religious and moral interest are held. Among these are that of the Women's Christian and Temperance Union, when such celebrated advocates of this great reform as Mrs. Wittenmyer, Mrs. Lathrop, Miss Willard, and our own Mrs. Youmans, thrill with deep emotion the hearts of the assembled thousands; the Women's Foreign Missionary Council, when the stirring addresses of some of the most famous missionary advocates and returned missionaries of the Church, awaken fresh interest and enthusiasm in this grandest of causes. A Sunday-school Assembly is also held, which is addressed by some of the foremost Sunday-school workers in the land, and never fails to arouse much interest, and to be accompanied by much profit.

The most important meeting of the series, however, is the annual camp-meeting. To indicate the intense interest with which it is regarded, we quote the following passage from the report for last year, by the Rev. Dr. Stokes, President of the Camp-Meeting Association, who are the trustees of the grounds for the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States:

"The camp-meeting this year opened on Monday evening, August 16th. As the time for the commencement of this last and greatest of all the meetings of the season approaches, no one, unless immediately involved, can realize the sense of vast responsibility, and, if possible, the still greater solicitude experienced for its success. The thronging multitudes, the great expectations, the stupendous consequences of failure or success, consequences which reach through time, and involve the awards and retributions of the eternal world, all of which, when combined, are enough to overwhelm, and, unless divinely upborn,



Rev. J. S. Inskip's Cottage.

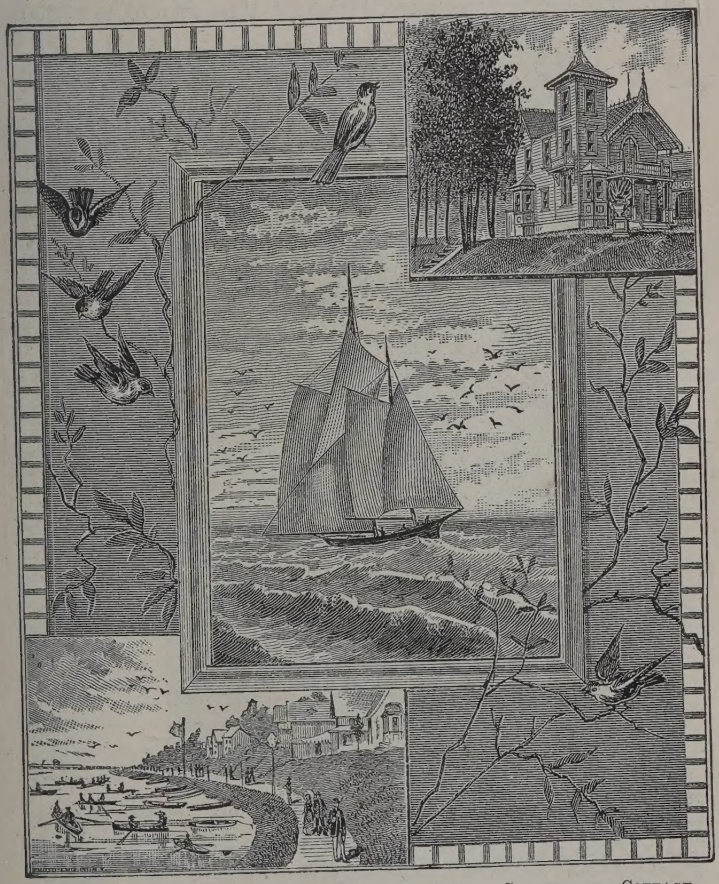
to crush the heart. It has come to be a deep-seated and abiding conviction with us, that after all that has been done here in toil and treasure, if souls are not reached, brought to the feet of Jesus, pardoned, renewed, fully saved and brought in living contact with eternal Godhead by scores and thousands, this place is a gigantic failure."

But, thank God, this meeting is no failure. Every year hundreds are converted to God, and carry to their distant homes the the holy fire of their new-born zeal, and diffuse the pentecostal blessing in ever-widening circles. The presence of many of the grandest men and women, and ablest ministers of the Church of Christ, makes these gatherings occasions of memorable interest and power.

The twilight meetings by the sea, and the solemn service of song, the voices of the great multitude blending with the voice of the surf upon the sand—like the sound of many waters—is particularly impressive. Callous must be the heart that is not stirred with deep religious emotions as the shadows of night descend over the vast assembly, worshipping by the shore of the

illimitable sea—the symbol of the shoreless eternity, which stretches forever away from the sands of time, on which we play each our brief but tremendously momentous part.

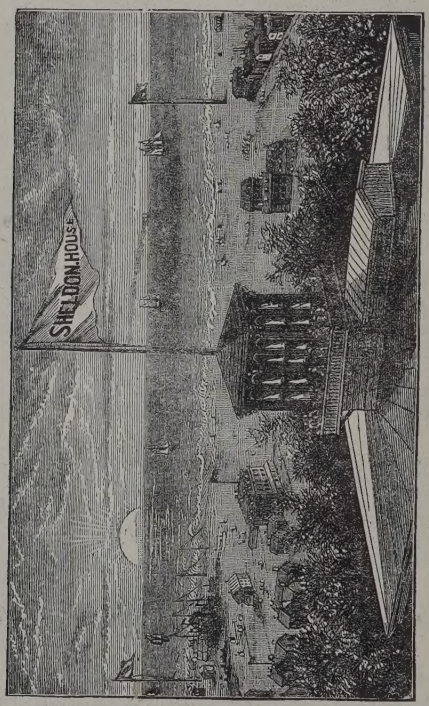
The record of this summer assembly signally exhibits the divine favour and blessing which have attended it from the be-



WESLEY LAKE. THE SEA. SYLVANDALE COTTAGE.

ginning. Eleven years ago, some twenty-two persons in all met in a simple tent, whose sole accommodation was some rude seats, and three or four candles. Such was the beginning of one of the most remarkable annual religious gathering on the continent

or in the world. The site of what is now a beautiful summer city, was "a wild and unsightly waste" upon the barren Jersey coast. During the three summer months of 1880, 400,000 persons reached the ground by rail, not counting those who came otherwise; 9,000 of these, conveyed by 81 trains, came in one day. The baggage amounted, during the three months, to 60,000



SUNSET VIEW FROM SHELDON HOUSE.

pieces. There were 698 cottages and boarding houses, with many others building. Some of the hotels are very large and elegant, as will be seen by the engraving on page 298. Money orders, amounting to $29,809 were paid, and nearly as many issued, and 113,324 letters were despatched, and over 10,000 telegrams were received or sent.

To effect this transformation, great energy has been exerted and much money expended—the receipts of last year being

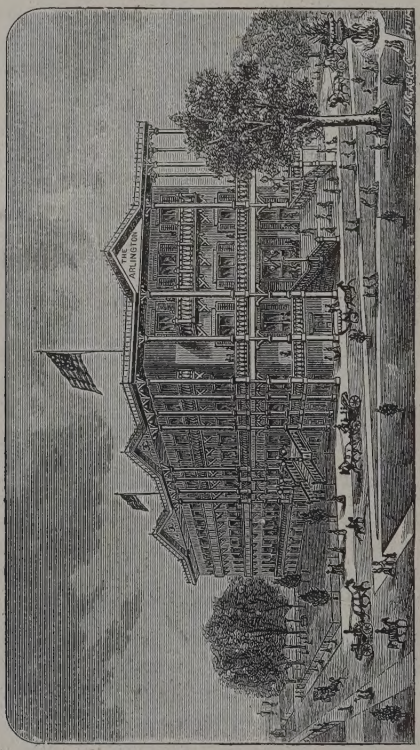
nearly $60,000, and the expenditure nearly $50,000. The value of the Ocean Grove and contiguous property, as based upon its assessment, has increased in ten years from $31,300 to $3,097,962, an advance of 1,000 per cent., and this, too, say the managers, "in a period of financial depression, when property in almost, if not quite every other locality, has depreciated from twenty-five to fifty per cent. We point to these facts with grateful emotions, and attribute it all, under God, to the influence of the Church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Allow worldliness, sin, and rum to rule, and it will soon go back to a condition worse than its original desolation."

Six miles of firm, good carriage-road have been made through what was a deep and barren waste of sand. To do this, many hundreds of car-loads of clay was brought from a distance, and many hundreds of trees have been planted. A covered auditorium, accommodating 6,000 persons, has been erected. Two beautiful lakes, named, respectively, "Wesley" and "Fletcher," have been constructed, which add greatly to the beauty and pleasure-facilities of the place. On these, no less than 649 pleasure boats, several of them large sail boats, glide, swan-like, to and fro, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene, and furnishing the means of healthful and safe amusement. Pleasure carriages in abundance are liberally patronized, and the whole scene, especially at the favourite sunset hour, is one full of vivacity and varied play of colour and life. The names of the streets commemorate such Methodist worthies as Barbara Heck, Embury, Whitefield, Cookman, Clark, and others, whose fame shall never die.

The great amusement, however, is the daily bath, when, apparently, the whole population of hotels and cottages flock to the beach, to enjoy the health-giving embraces of old ocean, or to observe those who do. For their accommodation, nearly 900 bathing-houses have been constructed, besides a great pavillion overlooking the sea, with a seating capacity for about 2,000 persons. It is a matter of great congratulation, that among the many thousands of bathers and travellers who visit this spot every year, not a single life, to the best of our belief, has been lost. An efficient police force and fire brigade guard the peace and safety of the sea-side city.

One who, from intimate acquaintance, knows this charming

spot well, thus discourses on its manifold attractions :—"During the long hot months of summer, old Ocean mostly rests. As though it would not terrify its visitors, it puts on its best behaviour, and assumes a charming gentleness. Tame as a pet lamb, the thousands fear it not, but gather on its shores to sport in its billows. How many in strange attire are wooed to its



THE ARLINGTON.

embrace, and leap, and dance, and laugh, as they permit its arms to enclose them, while many, many more remain upon the strand to sit, and roll, and dig, and play in the sand without fear of contamination from contact with the clean, powdered rock beneath them. What myriads of wonders, too, are found along the shore !—the stones, the shells, the seaweed, the jelly-fish, the

clams, the birds, and the remnants of the wrecks that once were full of promise, but at length came to an untimely end!"

The sea sings ceaselessly:
Her summer songs break softly on the shore,
Mellow with murmurs chanted o'er and o'er,
Chantings which mingle with the evermore;
They sweetly come to me,
Rich tides of melody from lands unknown,
Billows of bliss from love's eternal throne.

Only a six-mile ride from Ocean Grove is Long Branch, probably the most fashionable bathing resort on the American

THE "TENTED GROVE."

continent. Here are palatial hotels of enormous size—some will accommodate as many as 1,200 guests. Here President Grant had a cottage. Here may be seen the money kings and fashion leaders of New York and Philadelphia. And here, it is whispered, the gambling excitements of Monaco and Baden-Baden may be surreptitiously obtained, and the folly and wicked-

ness of the Derby and Ascot races be imitated at Monmouth Park.

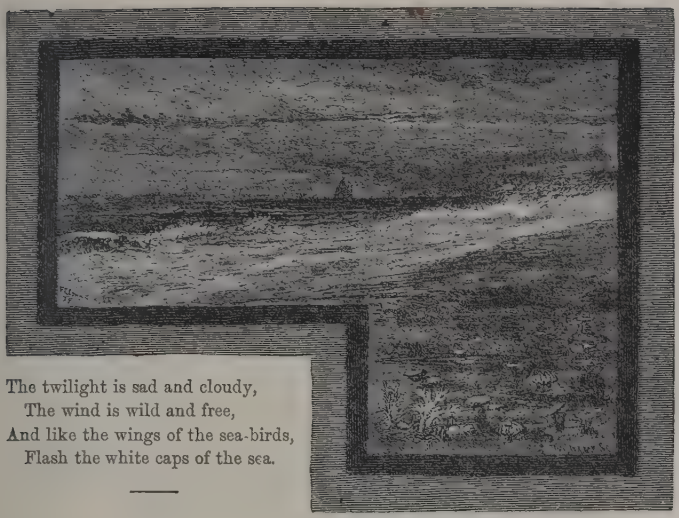
To this unwholesome excitement, Ocean Grove presents a perfect contrast. "There are there," as Olive Logan in an article in *Harper's Monthly* remarks, "no balls, no billiards, no bars, no late hours, no dissipations of any sort; and existence is carried on inexpensively. It is a sort of poor man's paradise, though there are rich people there; though even the rich dwell in

Off for a Yachting Cruise.

modest cottages—while those who must practice a close economy dwell in tents, or in cheaply constructed cabins in the woods."

It was a bold thing to do, for the Methodist Church to plant a great camp-meeting within an hour's ride of this resort of fashion. But the wisdom of the act has been justified by the result. It shows the world that religion is in no way opposed to rational amusement and innocent recreation; and it provides for multitudes who could not otherwise possess them, the facilities for health-giving sea-bathing, congenial society, and above all, rare religious privileges.

In this connexion it has been well remarked, that Ocean



The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind is wild and free,
And like the wings of the sea-birds,
Flash the white caps of the sea.

TWILIGHT BY THE SEA.

Grove has succeeded in rescuing a large class of legitimate pleasures from their captivity by the devil, to the enjoyment of good people. Boating, bathing, recreation, and kindred modes of happiness, which had all been so connected with modes of evil as to make their indulgence by Christians a matter of suspicion, are now put in their right relationships, and sanctified by the word of God and prayer, take their natural rank among things for which they are to give thanks.

In another article we shall give further information about this charming summer resort, with copious illustrations, and with full details of the best way to reach it.

ONLY for Jesus! Lord, keep it forever,
Sealed on the heart, and engraved on the life!
Pulse of all gladness, and nerve of endeavour,
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife!

PACIFIC

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.

SCENE IN JERUSALEM.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
How glad I should have been,
Could I, in my lone wanderings,
Thine aged walls have seen!
Could I have stood on Olivet,
Where once the Saviour trod,
And from its height look'd down upon
The city of our God!"

THE poet expressed the longing of many hearts. To this small, dingy, dilapidated city, crushed under the heel of the oppressor, and scarcely daring to live, the thoughts of millions are turned. It is a sacred city with Jew, Mohammedan and Christian. Every year thousands of thoughtful pilgrims enter within its walls and search out its sacred spots. They gather from many lands, and the wealthy and noble bow at its shrines side by side with the poor and wretched. Most, after lingering for awhile amid its precious memories, return to their far-off homes with an undying recollection of days that passed away only too swiftly, and of scenes that ever after throw light upon the sacred page; but others, aged ones of the exiled race, stay

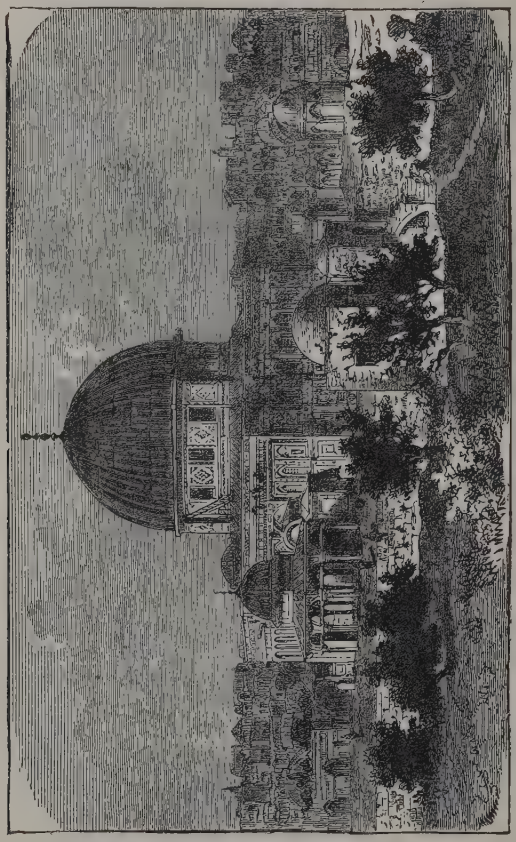
near its crumbling walls until death gives them a burying-place amid the ashes of their fathers.

I presume no one approaches this great city of the past without very peculiar sensations; and I myself was no stranger to such feelings when, after climbing a long hill, our party came within sight of a portion of the gray old wall. Our ride of forty miles from Jaffa, over the plain of Sharon and among the rounded hills and open valleys of Benjamin, had been exceedingly interesting. Ramleh and Lydda, thriving towns amid fertile fields, had been passed in the earlier part of our course; and later on there had met the view such Scripture scenes as Ekron, whither was brought the ark from Ashdod; and Ajalon's wide-spread valley, down which fled the confused rabble of the Amorites, followed, under the lingering light of the setting sun, by the victorious hosts of Joshua; and Elah, the reputed valley of David's conflict with the giant; and Emmaus, sacred with the footprints of the Lord of heaven and earth.

But our thoughts were ever turning forward to the city of the Great King. We were prepared for disappointment, but there was even less to be seen than we had expected. Far-off in the distance was visible the dim blue outline of the hills of Moab, and half a mile away this small portion of the north-west angle of the city, partially hidden by the great Russian monastery and other buildings. As the city slopes to the east and south, the proper point of vision is on the other side, and we must restrain our impatient desire for a bird's-eye view until we climb the slope of Olivet. After a few minutes' pause, we rode leisurely down the well-paved road, past the high wall of the extensive Russian premises, between rows of stone tenement houses, and through the midst of little sauntering groups of men and women, varied and picturesque as to dress and countenance. The valley of Gihon lay on our right, and a portion of the wall, lined with small curiosity shops, on our left, as we followed the gently sloping road down to the Jaffa Gate, the western and most-used entrance to the city. Passing through this portal, and for a short distance along the roughly-paved street, we alighted at the Mediterranean Hotel, a plain, unpretentious stone building.

Before making a tour of the place, it is, perhaps, desirable to give a few simple data. Modern Jerusalem is not a large city,

its circuit being less than three miles. One can walk around it in about an hour. It is not easy to get an accurate statement of its population, as it varies very much at different seasons; but the general estimate is from 20,000 to 25,000. It is stated



Mosque of Omar.

that in a single season there are as many as 8,000 or 10,000 pilgrims, made up of many nationalities. Certainly the crowds we saw in the streets were of a most motley character. Moslem, Jew, and Christian of every stripe; Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Syrians, Copts, Poles, Russians, French, English, and Americans

were all represented; and the dresses were as varied as the tongues and complexions. Of the tourists who proceed through the country, those who speak English are in the large majority; but there are thousands of other pilgrims, many of them so poor as to be dependent upon charity for support, who deem it their most sacred duty to visit the Holy Sepulchre and weep and pray at the tomb of their risen Lord.

The city, built on an elevation of 2,600 feet above the Mediterranean, and nearly 4,000 feet above the valley of the Jordan, enjoys the benefit of every passing breeze. Surrounded on all sides but the north by deep valleys, its situation was a source of great security before the far-reaching missiles of modern warfare were invented. One can still count the hills or eminences on which it was built, but the valleys between have been very much filled up with the ruin and rubbish of centuries. The valley of the Tyropœon, for instance, to the west of the Temple area, is said in one part to be raised a hundred feet above its former level. The wall surrounding the city, most of which was built in the year 1542, varies in height of from 25 to 40 feet. In places it seems to be very loosely put together, and if not quite as weak as when Tobiah the Ammonite said of it, "If a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall," yet it would very soon crumble before a cannonade. The streets are narrow, crooked, roughly-paved, and not over clean; and in places are rendered dark and gloomy by being arched over. Along some of the widest of them, as many as six persons can walk abreast. The dwelling-houses are of stone, roughly put together, flat-roofed, and presenting a blank wall to the street. The shops of the natives are very small, and are generally furnished with but a meagre stock of the products of the country. The most extensive manufactures visible were the fashioning of little olive-wood souvenirs, and fine-tooth combs. The mass of the people seemed to be poor—very poor. If you go to Jerusalem with the idea that you will see in it the beauty that existed in the days of Solomon or Herod the Great, you will be very much disappointed. Its beauty is that of a withered leaf; its glory is departed. Sadly and surely the words of prophecy have been fulfilled.

I propose now to take the reader with me in a few walks through and around the city. Almost the first thing that at-

tracted my notice was a large pool of muddy water, close under the wall of the hotel, and surrounded by buildings. It is the pool of Hezekiah. Its dimensions are 250 feet long by 150 wide. Opposite the hotel is a small open space, which at times is used as a market, and at other times is crowded with horses, mules, and camels of tourist parties, arriving or departing. On the other side of this open space is a great, square stone tower, called by some archæologists the Tower of David, and by others the Tower of Hippicus. Near by is the fine church of the English and Prussian mission. Passing through the Jaffa Gate, we followed the course of the western wall, and, after visiting Bishop Gobat's school, ascended to the top of that part of Mount Zion, which, though formerly enclosed, is now outside of the city. Here once stood one of the finest parts of the ancient city, adorned with palaces and stately edifices; but now it is covered with ruins and gravestones, gardens and ploughed fields. How many centuries have elapsed since Micah prophesied, "Zion shall become as a ploughed field!" A large mosque, formerly a Christian church, stands here to do honour to David's tomb, which is found within. The identity of the place is pretty well established. The apostle Peter says, "His sepulchre is with us unto this day." Josephus tells us that here Solomon interred his father "with great magnificence, and with all the funereal pomp which kings used to be buried with." It was afterwards plundered by Hyrcanus, son of Simon Maccabæus, of treasure to the amount of three thousand talents, to carry on the struggle for the liberties of the people. It is said that in the 12th century part of the wall gave way, disclosing a cave, in which were two marble tablets, on each of which lay a sceptre and crown of gold. The tomb itself is hidden from Jewish and Christian eyes; but we were permitted to look through a latticed door at the oblong structure above the tomb, covered with costly cloth, striped with yellow, red, and green. The place is also the home of Christian tradition. The large room into which we first entered, and which undoubtedly was standing in the middle of the fourth century, is said to be the "upper room," where Christ ate the passover with His disciples, and where, on the memorable day of Pentecost, the apostles received the Holy Ghost.

A little nearer the wall we come to the reputed house of Caiaphas, now the property of the Armenian monks. Passing

through a narrow doorway, we entered a little court-yard, off which are some small apartments. In one of these we were shown, under the altar, what purports to be the stone that was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre—a cylindrical stone, like part of a pillar. It is plastered over, but spots are left bare for pilgrims to kiss. This ceremony, however, we omitted. We also went into a little cell, richly decorated with pearl and coloured porcelain, where, it is said, Christ was shut up while in the High Priest's house. In the court-yard is a stone on which, so tradition says, stood the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Master.

Entering the city again by the Zion Gate, we passed on our right the quarters assigned to the lepers. Poor, miserable beings, we often saw them by the wayside begging, displaying their maimed and bleeding hands and feet, and disfigured countenances, and crying in husky tones for help. It is a sad sight, and it says little for the government of the country that they are thus left to expose their misery to the public in order to get a living.

The summit of Mount Zion is now known as the Armenian quarter, and here is situated the great Armenian convent, having accommodation, it is said, for nearly 8,000 pilgrims. Close by are the palace of the Armenian patriarch and the extensive garden of the convent. We visited the spacious church of St. James, built, according to tradition, on the spot where the apostle was martyred and buried. A small room or closet at one side of the main building is known as his chapel. Its door is inlaid with coral and mother-of-pearl; its walls and floor are of polished marble; its altar glitters with gold and jewels, while richly-chased gold and silver lamps hang before it. He who was killed like a dog is honoured as a prince.

There is very little else to-day on Mount Zion worthy of note, unless it is the two large synagogues, whose lofty domes rise above the mass of Jewish houses which line the eastern slope of Zion. One dark night we went down to attend service in one of them. Guided by the dim light of our old tin lanterns, we wended our way through the silent, desolate streets, with some such feeling as one has in going through the Catacombs. Care was needed lest we should step on one of the numerous dogs lying around, and thereby rouse the whole tribe to howl and

gnash their teeth at us. Here and there the haggard form of a man rose from the wayside to blink and glower at us, and once or twice we met the Turkish guard parading the streets. After stumbling for some time through the rough, narrow byways, we arrived at the synagogue, but only to find that we were too late —the door was shut. I could not help thinking of the passage, "When once the Master of the house has risen up and shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door, saying, 'Lord, Lord, open to us;' and He shall answer and say to you, 'I know you not whence ye are.'"

One cannot look upon Zion without being deeply moved. It was once the site of most costly palaces, and was defended by strongest fortresses. It became known as the centre of the glory of God's favoured people, and many precious utterances are recorded in regard to it. We are told, for instance, "The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation;" but its glory is a mere name, and its pride is changed into poverty and squalor. "Zion spreads forth her hands and there is none to comfort her."

On the eastern side of the valley of the Tyropœon rises Mount Moriah, neither so high nor so extensive as Mount Zion. Crowned with its octagonal mosque and noble dome it stands, the most attractive portion of the city. No wonder the people of old exulted in its beauty and strength. It was a saying of the rabbis, "The world is like an eye. The ocean surrounding is the white of the eye; the earth is the coloured part; Jerusalem is the pupil; but the sanctuary is the image within the pupil. There the being of God is at once mirrored and beheld."

On the summit of the hill is walled in an extensive plateau of about thirty-six acres in extent, called the Temple Area. It was formed by levelling off a portion of the hill, and erecting a series of massive walls and springing arches from the valley below, and laying on these a large stone platform, on which quite a thickness of earth was spread. At the time of our visit to the Temple Area, we were permitted to inspect the vast caverns and corridors below, and were amazed at the huge blocks of stone and immense piles of masonry that were needed to furnish a suitable site and foundation for the Temple of God. To the east and south, this outside wall faces the valley of the Kedron. To the north is the large fosse, 460 feet long, 130 wide, and 75

deep, said by some to be the old pool of Bethesda; and at the north-west angle stands the pasha's palace, where once stood, on an elevated portion of rock, now razed, the Tower of Antonia. Around this spot, many a time have raged the wild storms of battle, like waves around a sea-girt rock. Along the western wall are built rows of houses, except near the southern end. Here is the Jews' wailing-place. We visited the spot one Friday afternoon, when large numbers of the exiled race were assembled to meditate and mourn and pray; where they could touch the hem of their prostrate glory. As they cannot get admittance to their once sacred shrine, they will at least kiss the stones that enclose it. It was an impressive scene. High overhead rises the lofty wall, darkened by age, and with growth of hyssop and lichen springing from its crevices. The lowest courses are very massive. Close by it sat, or stood, or knelt, a crowd of men and women, of varied garb, but whose faces had a remarkable similarity of type. Some were reading aloud from the Hebrew Bible; others stood pressing their cheeks against the huge stones, and stretching out their arms as if to embrace the walls, while with tears running down their cheeks they muttered their prayers, or cried aloud in their sorrow. Hard must be the heart that would not be touched at the affliction of this people. In the area above once stood "the holy and beautiful house," where their fathers worshipped God; and now they may not enter it—they may but stand outside and weep, and kiss its stones, and cry, "Oh Lord, how long!"

At the south-west angle, some of the lowest stones are of immense size, being from thirty to thirty-four feet long, by seven in width and five in thickness. Near this corner is a slight projection, extending for about forty feet along the wall. It is part of the magnificent high bridge that Solomon caused to be built across the valley between Moriah and Zion. It is said of the Queen of Sheba that when she saw the ascent by which he went into the house of the Lord, "there was no more spirit in her."

Up to a late period, no Christian was allowed to enter the Temple Area, and even now the expense and difficulties are so great that visitors form into parties for the occasion. Our party was under the protection of two *cavasses*, servants of the English and American consuls, who, dressed in gorgeous half-military attire, swaggered about as though they owned the whole troop.

Arriving at the gate, we exchanged our shoes for slippers, and set out on a long morning's work. Our steps were first directed to the large platform or elevation, which rises about fifteen feet above the rest of the area. Here the great object of attraction is the noble octagonal building in the centre, popularly known as the Mosque of Omar. The lowest portion is composed of marble in the lower half, and in the upper half of porcelain of various colours. The windows in this part are of beautifully-carved lattice-work and brilliant stained glass. The second story is drum-shaped, and above it rises the lofty dome, to the height of 150 feet above the platform. Entering the building, we found the interior somewhat gloomy, but yet impressive. Its two spacious corridors, making the circuit of the building, are flanked by columns of marble and porphyry, evidently brought together from different sources. Immediately under the dome is the chief object of veneration—an irregularly shaped rock, sixty feet in length by fifty in width, and five to ten in height, known as the Dome of the Rock. It is really the crest of the hill, but the Mohammedans maintain that it is a rock floating in mid-air. The tradition is that Mohammed took his flight to Paradise from this rock, and the rock felt in duty bound to follow him; but just then the angel Gabriel seized it and held it down. To convince us that there could be no mistake about it, we were shown the marks of his fingers in the stone. Under the rock is a good-sized cavern, in which are the praying-places of several prophets and saints. A wall of masonry prevents very extensive explorations. Overhead is a circular hole about two feet in diameter, through which it is said men are pulled by the hair from perdition to Paradise. The great interest attached to this place arises from the probability that this is the spot where Abraham presented his son Isaac as a burnt-offering, and that here stood the great altar of sacrifice, when the Temple was the centre of Jewish splendour and devotion.

Leaving this mosque and the platform on which it stands, we passed through an avenue of cypresses, until we came to the very extensive mosque El-Aksar. We were first taken below to inspect the underground avenues, which slope down to the great Double Gate of the Temple on the south; and here we obtained our first idea of the massiveness of the sub-structures. Returning to the front of the mosque, we tried one of the tests, which,

according to Moslem theory, indicate whether or not a man is a fit subject for Paradise. You see that black stone in the front of the building? Now, closing your eyes, stand with your face to this great pillar, and your back to the stone; then turn round and with your hand stretched out, walk across the portico and touch the stone, if you can. If you touch it, your bliss is secured; if not, woe betide you. This mosque was erected as a Christian church by the Emperor Justinian, and still retains many traces of its Christian origin. Its interior is impressive. With its fine long nave and transept, its six side aisles, separated by forty-five marble columns, and its well-shaped dome over all, it is worthy of a longer notice than we are able now to give

We then went to the south-east corner of the Temple Area whence we had a magnificent view up and down the valley of Kedron. How profound the depth below us seemed! After this we inspected the sub-structures, as previously described, and the fine arched chamber of the Golden Gate, and other points of interest, thus completing a long and fatiguing, but exceedingly interesting, morning's work. In the afternoon we visited the quarries, from which were produced the huge masses of stone that had so astonished us. They are under the northern portion of the city. Going out through the Damascus Gate, we entered by a small door in the lower portion of the wall, and then lighting our tapers, went down by a sloping path, until we found ourselves in immense vaulted chambers. Great mounds of chippings, with here and there a block of stone, indicated the nature of the excavation. Here thousands of busy workmen toiled out of the sight and hearing of the world above, and thence the finished stones were taken and quietly laid in their place. Thus the building rose as by magic, "so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." One cannot look upon the remains of these magnificent works without having a higher idea than ever of the wisdom and splendour of Solomon's reign.

We passed several times through the rough, narrow, crooked street, called the *Via Dolorosa*, along which, tradition says, Jesus passed on His way from Pilate's judgment bar to the place of execution. With deepest interest we gazed at the arch, *Ecce Homo*, where Christ was shown by Pilate to the people; and in the adjacent nunnery inspected the remains of the old Roman

pavement, which serves to represent the Hebrew *Gabbatha.* In regard to the many legends that are gathered about this street, all that need be said is, that it lies from six to twenty feet above the former level of the city, that the houses are comparatively modern, and that no one can tell now exactly what was the course of the ancient streets. I may here remark that the city is full of legends and impostures, and that so palpably false are some of the stories and locations, that one is tempted to turn away from everything with a feeling of disgust and annoyance. This is especially the case at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. When one finds crowded together into a single building, the hill of Golgotha, and the tomb of Christ, and the tombs of Adam and Methusaleh, of Joseph and Nicodemus, and the centre of the world, and the place where God obtained the clay from which He formed the first man, and the scenes connected with the closing hours of the Saviour's life, he may be pardoned for the exercise of a little healthy incredulity. Some of our party were so disgusted with what they saw, that they would not go near the place a second time; but to me the scenes presented were so novel and interesting, that I went again and again.

The square in front of this church is, perhaps, the liveliest spot in Jerusalem. It is the gathering-place of pilgrims from all climes. Mingled with these are Turks with turbans and flowing robes; wild Bedouins of the desert, girt with leathern girdles, and wearing over all a cloak of camel's hair; Franciscan friars in their coarse, brown robes, with bare heads and sandalled feet; Greek priests, long-haired, and wearing long, black robes and high hats; French and Italian nuns in black, with white linen hoods, and with rosary hanging from the waist; beggars in rags, importuning every one for help; and, perhaps, in the midst of all, a small guard of Turkish soldiers to enforce order. As we threaded our way through the little square, the itinerant merchants, whose goods were spread upon the pavement, clamored for our patronage. They had for sale "sandal-wood beads from Mecca, bowls of bitumen from the Dead Sea, glass-rings and bracelets from Hebron, olive-wood rosaries from Mount Olivet, mother-of-pearl crosses from Bethlehem, wax-tapers, to be lit before some sacred shrine, and shrouds of linen or cotton, to be laid on the Holy Sepulchre, and then carried to the ends of the earth." It is a strange scene, and sadly at variance with

the solemn thoughts with which one approaches the supposed scene of the Saviour's death and burial. The church is said to be 1,500 years old, and for that length of time has been the shrine of devout worshippers from all lands.

Passing through the arched doorway, we found ourselves in a kind of vestibule, where sat a portion of the Turkish guard, placed there to keep the Christian communities that have possession of the building from flying at each other's throats. There are five of these communities—Greek, Latin, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic. Ascending some stairs to the right of the entrance, we were led to two small chapels, one held by the Latins and the other by the Greeks, whose altars are decorated with a most lavish display of gold and silver, while in front of them hang most costly lamps. One is said to be the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross, and the other, the place where the cross was set up. We stooped beneath the altar, and put our hands into the hole in which it is said the cross stood. We were also shown what purports to be a rent in the rock, made at the time of the earthquake. Between the two altars there stands, in a glass-case, a picture of the Virgin Mary, which is almost covered with the rings, and bracelets, and jewels, and golden hearts, that enthusiastic devotees have brought to her shrine. Descending the stairs again, we came first to a long marble slab in the floor, with large tapers burning in front of it. This is the stone of unction, on which the body of the Lord is said to have been embalmed.

Turning a little to the left, we passed between two massive square pillars, and found ourselves under a lofty dome about a hundred feet high. Just beneath this dome is the reputed tomb of our Lord. It is covered by a small stone building, eighteen feet in width by twenty-six in length, and twenty in height. The tradition is that the rock all around the tomb was cut away at the order of Constantine, leaving only sufficient to constitute the present wall. In front of this building are suspended many costly gold and silver lamps, some of them beautifully chased. The interior is divided into two chambers. The one in front is that of the angel, and in it is preserved, it is said, the identical stone on which the angel sat. The light in this room is very dim. The entrance into the next chamber is low and narrow, and for that reason as well as from reverence, most pilgrims

enter it upon their hands and knees. The room seemed to me to be about eight feet square, and as the marble-covered tomb fills up one side, there is space left for only four or five visitors. About forty costly lamps shed a mild radiance through the place, and an aged Greek priest, in his sombre garb, stands at the far end, the silent and motionless guardian of the spot. And this is the reputed tomb of the ever-blessed Lord, and, as such, revered by forgotten generations of the past, and by unnumbered millions of to-day. No wonder that pilgrims coming from far-off lands in all the transports of religious devotion, kiss the cold marble and wet it with their tears. To them it is the most hallowed spot in all the world, for there Death was conquered in his own domain, and there the King brought life and immortality to light for them. Even those who are sceptical as to its being the real tomb, cannot help being somewhat moved, as they witness the deep feeling of sincere hearts that bow before it, and as they call to mind the affection and prayer, the toil and hardship, and wounds, and suffering, and death, which have made that tomb the most costly shrine the world has ever known.

Into the dispute as to localities, I shall not enter. Very grave doubt, as all know, has been thrown upon the genuineness of the location, chiefly on account of its being within the wall. Another hill outside of the Damascus Gate, seems to fulfil more satisfactorily the conditions required in the true Golgotha.

Leaving the tomb, we spent more than two hours in making the tour of the building. Not far from the front of the sepulchre, and occupying the greater portion of the building, is a large and costly Greek chapel. Its walls are covered with gilding, now dim with age and with the smoke of incense; along its sides are raised seats for the priests and choir, with here and there a throne for some prince in the Church; and at the further end is the lofty and costly screen, which hides the altar from view. Again and again I saw this magnificent chapel filled with worshippers, bowing, crossing, prostrating themselves on the floor, while over all rose the singing of the sweet-voiced choir. The rest of the time was taken up with visits to the many chapels and other points of interest, of which there are about thirty-five noted on my plan of the building. The whole place is a museum of Christian antiquities, in whose collection and location, I fear, avarice and superstition have had no small share. Among these

are the tombs to which I have before referred; the pillar to which Jesus was bound when scourged; the place where His garments were divided; the spot where He sat crowned with thorns; the stocks into which His feet were thrust, and near by, the prison of the Virgin Mary; the spot where Jesus appeared to her as the gardener; and last of all, the cave below the level of the church, where, through the pious search of the Empress Helena, the true cross was found buried. There is not space to dwell upon these and other matters of interest; suffice it to say, that the whole atmosphere is heavy with legends that gathered about the place during the ages of ignorance and credulity.

We must pass by our visit to the ruins of the palace of the famous Knights of St. John, and other points of interest within the walls. In my next article I propose to visit some of the scenes outside the city.

TRUE EASTER.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE world for the dead Christ weepeth,
And holdeth her Lenten fast;
Doth she think that Christ still sleepeth
And night is not overpast?
Nay, but the word is spoken,
Nay, but the tomb is broken,
And "Christ is risen! Yea, Christ is risen indeed!"

Long past is the Lenten moaning,
Long past is the bitter night,
Long past is the Easter dawning,
Now it is noonday light.
Set every song to gladness:
Why should the Bride have sadness?
Her "Lord is risen! Her Lord is risen indeed!"

He suffered *once* and forever
The cross, the smiting, and pain.
Once did the sepulchre sever,
But never, never again.
Earth nor hell can bereave us,
Jesus never will leave us,
For "He hath risen! Yea, He hath risen indeed!"

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY XVI.

Continuance of the Conflict of the English with the Canadian Conference on Government Grants, and a Church Establishment in Upper Canada.

In continuing the subjects of my last essay, I will first give the letter addressed to the Governor by Mr. Egerton Ryerson, previously referred to, and on which the charges of the London Wesleyan Committee were based, and investigated and answered by the Canadian Conference. The letter is as follows:

TORONTO, Jan. 17, 1840.

"May it please your Excellency,—

"I proceed to state, in as few words as possible, the nature of the financial relations which exist between the British Wesleyan Conference in England and the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Upper Canada. In the year 1784, the late Rev. John Wesley recommended the formation of the Methodist societies in America into a distinct and independent body, with the attributes and style of a Church—he having general superintendents, or bishops, to perform ordination, etc., among them. It was by persons who had been ordained and appointed by these American bishops, that the Methodist Church was established in Upper Canada. Down to 1833, the Methodist Church in Upper Canada had no more ecclesiastical connection with the Wesleyan Conference in England, than exists between the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States and the Established Church of England. In 1833 an arrangement was agreed upon by the Wesleyan Conference in Upper Canada and that in England, by which a co-operation was to take place in the labours of the two bodies in Upper Canada. That arrangement consists of certain regulations called 'Articles of Union.' These Articles provide that the Conference in England may, when they see fit, appoint a person to preside over the Canada

Conference, the same as the Crown appoints a commissioner to preside in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; but that the Canadian preachers shall have no claims upon the funds of the British Conference.

"It was also agreed that the British Conference should assume the responsibility of supporting the Indian missions, which had been, or might thereafter be, established in Upper Canada. They have also agreed to employ Canadian preachers on those missions; but the Conference in England is the judge of the amount to be expended in each and every year; and the moment any preacher is disabled for the mission work, or ceases to be actively employed in it, he can receive nothing from the funds of the British Conference, but is entirely dependent upon the Canadian Conference.

"It will, therefore, be observed that there are two departments of the work in connection with the Wesleyan cause in Upper Canada, namely, what we call the regular, or circuit work, and the mission work. In carrying on the former, no claim can be made upon the funds of the British Conference; in carrying on the latter, the British Conference has agreed to assume the pecuniary responsibility, and is the sole judge of the extent of it, and the amount of expenditure.

"The former embraces forty-seven regular circuits, and the latter embraces fourteen circuits, five mission circuits among the new settlements, and nine amongst the aboriginal Indian tribes. On many of the regular circuits, the congregations are unable to pay more than two-thirds, and, in some instances, not more than one-half, of the disciplinary salary or allowance to the preachers. The loss of such deficiencies must be endured by the preachers concerned, unless, as in the case of Mr. Richey, they happen to be members of the British Conference, as we have not as yet any funds to supply them, and have no claims upon the funds of the British Conference for that purpose.

"The same remark applies to chapels that are in embarrassed circumstances, and also to places where chapels are needed, but where the inhabitants are not able to pay more than a part of what is necessary to build them.

"It may also be observed that, in addition to doing all that is done towards supporting the regular circuit work, and building all the chapels that are built in connexion with it, annual col-

lections and subscriptions are made throughout all our congregations in aid of the funds of the British Wesleyan Missionary Society. These collections and subscriptions amount to from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds per annum.

"It is, therefore, perfectly clear, that a government grant to the British Wesleyan Conference, and a grant to the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, are two very different things. That the latter is not in any way benefitted by grants to the former, will appear obvious from the following reasons:

"1. The Canadian Conference collects more than the sum necessary to support the five missions to the new settlements, and the nine Indian missions which were established previously to 1833, when the British Conference agreed to assume the responsibility of supporting them.

"2. The government grants were discontinued for two or three years, but it did not in the least affect the Canadian missions; although if the society in England had had additional sums, equal to these grants, at their disposal those years, they would have extended their missionary operations in the other parts of the world in a corresponding ratio, as they are multiplying their various missions (except in Upper Canada) in proportion to the increase of their funds.

3. The government grants are not acknowledged in any reports of the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, but are acknowledged only in the annual reports of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London.

"The annual appropriations for Canadian missions are made in June of each year, and should the dissolution of the union take place between the bodies, as intimated to your Excellency by Messrs. Stinson and Richey, the Conference in England would claim the missions in Upper Canada—notwithstanding their original establishment by the Canadian Conference, and the annual collections made by its ministers to support them. But I apprehend no disposition on the part of the British Conference to dissolve the union, unless they can get government aid, independent of the Canadian Conference, to prosecute their views.

"I conceive, therefore, that any grants intended to benefit the

Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, ought, undoubtedly, to be placed at the disposal of the Conference of that Church.*

"I have, &c.,

"(Signed) EGERTON RYERSON."

After the lapse of forty years, I cannot conceive a more accurate account of the financial relations then existing between the English and Canadian Conferences; yet it was on that letter that the charges of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee were preferred against me in 1840, as quoted above, together with my trial before the Canadian Conference, the proceedings and decision of the Conference, and its resolutions in reply to the assumptions and accusations of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee, or rather the Alder-Canadian section of it. Dr. Alder wrote a long letter, and then a second letter, to Lord John Russell, against Mr. Egerton Ryerson's letter, and against Mr. Ryerson charging him with being a Republican, and trying to republicanize Upper Canada—a sentence of calumny, though read in the British Conference at Newcastle, August, 1840, omitted in the *printed* letter, but the substance of it was retained. In addition to the proceedings of the Canadian Conference on the subject, as given in a former essay, I give the introductory paragraphs of Messrs. William and E. Ryerson's reply to Dr. Alder, as it throws light upon the history of that epoch, and the justifiable proceedings of the Canadian Conference. It is headed, "Letter from Rev. W. and E. Ryerson to Lord John Russell, in reply to Mr. Alder, dated

'22 Cecil Street, Strand,

'Aug. 20th, 1840.

'My Lord,—We have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Under-Secretary Vernon Smith's letter of the 29th ult., enclosing a copy of the Rev. Robert Alder's letter to your Lordship, dated 20th April last, purporting to be a reply to a letter from the Rev. Egerton Ryerson to His Excellency the Governor-

* *Note by E. Ryerson:*—When I wrote the foregoing letter, I had not the remotest idea that it would be laid before Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, and therefore could not be an application to his Lordship on any subject. Mr. Vernon Smith had inadvertently attributed to me what was recommended by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada. The recommendation was also spontaneous on the part of His Excellency, and flowed from his own sense of

General of Canada, dated January 17th, 1840, respecting the financial relations of the Wesleyan Conferences in England and in Canada.

'We beg, on behalf of the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, to express to your Lordship our sincere thanks for the opportunity which your Lordship has thus afforded us of discussing the several subjects of Mr. Alder's letter, and of vindicating the character and interests of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Upper Canada, from the erroneous statements and imputations contained in that letter.

'As the circumstances under which Mr. Ryerson wrote to His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada the letter referred to, have been misunderstood, it may be worth while to state them. His Excellency having determined to undertake the settlement of the long-agitated question of the Clergy Reserves in Upper Canada, sent during the last week in December, and the first week in January last, for ministers and influential members of various religious denominations, in order to ascertain their opinions and wishes on the subject. Amongst others, he sent for Mr. Ryerson, and also for the Rev. Messrs. Stinson and Richey—the former President of the Upper Canada Conference and representative of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee; the latter a member of the Wesleyan Conference in England, but temporarily connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada by a special vote of the Canadian Conference.

'As the Governor-General proposed to transfer all the religious grants which had been paid out of the casual and territorial revenues, as first charges upon the Clergy Reserve Fund; and as these charges would for some years absorb the entire fund, Mr. Ryerson submitted to His Excellency the justice and reasonableness of making a grant to the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, in aid of the Upper Canada Academy, and of transferring that with the other religious grants to the Clergy Reserve Fund. His Excellency objected

justice and sound policy, after the most thorough investigation of the subject. My letter was also dictated, to a considerable degree, by certain communications which Messrs. Stinson and Richey had made to His Excellency. (London pamphlet of Messrs. W. and E. Ryerson, p. 7, in a note.)

upon the ground that several hundred pounds per annum had already been granted in aid of the Wesleyan body in Upper Canada. Mr. Ryerson assured His Excellency that he was mistaken, and laid before His Excellency several documents, to satisfy him that the grant referred to had not been made to the Wesleyan body in Canada, nor in aid of its funds.

'His Excellency considered the matter of sufficient importance to require a thorough investigation, and requested Mr. Ryerson to recapitulate in writing the substance of what he had stated verbally. Mr. Ryerson did so, in a letter dated January 2nd, 1840, a copy of which is herewith transmitted, marked A. On the same day (January 2nd, 1840), Messrs. Stinson and Richey had an interview with His Excellency, during which they informed His Excellency that the union between the English and Canadian Conferences was expected to be dissolved (a measure the most remote from the thoughts of the members of the Canadian Conference), and desired His Excellency so to frame his bill as to secure that portion of the proceeds of the Reserves, to the control of which the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists in Canada would be entitled, *to the control of the Wesleyan Conference in England, for the benefit of those who should adhere to it on the dissolution of the union with the Canadian Conference.* On the day following, Messrs. Stinson and Richey embodied their views in a memorial to His Excellency. In that memorial it will be seen that the *Wesleyan Conference in Canada* is superseded by the *Wesleyan Conference in England;* and that when one of the articles of union between the two bodies provided that *the former should have no claims upon the funds of the latter.*

'There is reason to believe that in the interview above alluded to, his Excellency gave Messrs. Stinson and Richey no reason to expect countenance from him to a proposition so obviously unjust and impolitic. Their views and statements furnished his Excellency with additional reasons for examining into all the existing relations and interests of the Wesleyan bodies in Canada and England. His Excellency examined all the despatches and other documents which related to the subject, and sought for information from official persons and from other quarters.

'The result of the investigation was a strong conviction in the mind of his Excellency that the Canadian Conference should

alone be regarded as the head and representative of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada; that the grant which had been made to the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee, out of the Canadian casual and territorial revenue, operated injuriously rather than beneficially to the interests of the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, and was not distributed in a manner, and did not accomplish the objects contemplated by the Imperial Government when that grant was made, and ought to be distributed in a different manner hereafter. His Excellency, therefore, determined to write to your Lordship on the subject. His Excellency informed Mr. Ryerson of the result of his investigations and inquiries, and requested Mr. Ryerson to prepare a statement in writing of the financial relations between the Wesleyan Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada.

'In proof of the correctness of this statement we refer your Lordship to the accompanying memorial of Messrs. Stinson and Richey to His Excellency the Governor-General; to His Excellency's despatch on the subject, addressed to your Lordship in February last; and to the following extract of a letter from Mr. Chief Secretary Murdoch, addressed to Mr. Ryerson in reply to applications which Mr. R. had made to his Excellency on the subject:

'Government House, Montreal,
'June 12, 1840.

'Sir,—I am commanded by the Governor-General to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of the 5th and 6th instant: the first endorsing a copy of certain resolutions adopted by the Committee of the British Wesleyan Conference on the 29th of April last with reference to your conduct; and the second respecting the grant for the support of the Wesleyan Missions in Upper Canada, which His Excellency addressed to Lord John Russell in the month of February last. These arrived during his Excellency's temporary absence from Montreal, the answer to them has been unavoidably delayed.

'His Excellency desires me to say, that he cannot gather from the resolutions of the British Conference that the despatch to the Secretary of State had been communicated to them, as you suppose, and as he has reason to think from other circumstances that such a proceeding would not have been adopted, it

would be irregular in him to furnish you with a copy of that despatch, however much he may regret his inability to do so; because, had he been able to do so, it would not only have fully explained his views, and the grounds on which he is of opinion, that the grant should be distributed in a manner different from that which has of late been followed, but would have afforded the most conclusive evidence on some of the points noticed in your letter of the 5th inst. It would have shown, for instance, that His Excellency's communications with the Secretary of State originated in an examination of the whole of the circumstances of the Wesleyan body in Upper Canada, and of the documents relative to the Union between the British and Canadian Conferences, which were submitted to him; and upon this point I am directed to add, in reply to your question, that this examination did not proceed from any request of yours, and that the letter drawn up by you in explanation of the financial relations of the two bodies, was prepared at His Excellency's request. It would also further show, that it was from the Rev. Mr. Stinson, that His Excellency first heard of the probable dissolution of the two societies.'

"(Signed) T. W. C. MURDOCH,
'Chief Secretary.'"

The above is the statement of the circumstances and object of Mr. Ryerson's letter to the Governor-General, in reply to Mr. Alder's letter to Lord John Russell. The principal subjects of this letter have been sufficiently disposed of by the Canadian Conference in the proceedings quoted on preceding pages. In the concluding part of the Messrs. Ryerson's letter to Lord John Russell, in reply to Mr. Alder, the following paragraphs may be quoted as presenting a new phase of the principal question discussed. The words of the Messrs. Ryerson are as follows:

"Mr. Alder dwells much upon the circumstance that both the Canada Conference and Mr. Ryerson had always admitted the exclusive right of the Missionary Committee to the control of the Grant. This is very true, and for two reasons: 1. Neither the Canada Conference nor Mr. Ryerson was aware of all the circumstances connected with the Grant until after the investigation of them by the Governor-General. 2. The Grant had

always been paid out of the *casual and territorial* revenue, with the appropriations of which the Canada Conference had always declared it had no right to interfere, confining its discussions to *the question of the Clergy Reserves*, and its claims to whatever advantage might arise to the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada from an equitable settlement of that question.

"But now, my Lord, the affair assumes a very different aspect from what it has heretofore presented. It is supposed to relieve the casual and territorial revenue from the annual payment of this, as well as of other religious grants, and to transfer it as one of the primary charges upon the Clergy Reserve Fund; an act which if it take place without varying the distribution and control of the grant in question, must, during the next fifty years at least, debar the ministers and members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada from the slightest benefit of the settlement of the Clergy Reserve question.

"The Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada has not complained of the exercise of the Royal perogative, though it has been altogether overlooked, in the distribution of the annual grants which have been made to the Wesleyan Committee in London, and to four other Christian denominations in Upper Canada; but it will have just and permanent cause of strong dissatisfaction and complaint, should it be deprived of any advantages in the settlement of the Clergy Reserves in which other Churches in Upper Canada largely participate.

"We cannot but view with astonishment the efforts on the part of Mr. Alder and his friends, whose operations in Upper Canada are limited to the last seven years, to grasp every farthing of a disposable *Canadian* revenue, from their brethren in Canada, whose operations in that country reach over the last half century, who have endured privations and labours unexcelled in any country or in any section of the Christian Church during that period, and who have contributed more than any other one religious community to elevate Upper Canada to its present comparatively advanced state of moral fruitfulness and religious intelligence. We cannot persuade ourselves that Her Majesty's Government can be induced to countenance a policy so obviously unjust, unreasonable, and impolitic."

But Mr. Alder was not content with assailing Mr. Ryerson individually in respect to his statements as to the relations

of the English and Canadian Conferences, but he denied the correctness of Mr. Ryerson's statements respecting the early history of Methodism in respect to the British Colonies, and these insinuations against the General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States were utterly unjust and unfounded. These denials and statements were, of course, made, to prejudice Lord John Russell and the British Government against the Canadian Conference as entertaining undue leanings to the United States, and of the desire of the American Methodist General Conference to exercise a foreign influence over the ministers and members of the Methodist Church in Canada, and are utterly unfounded insinuations and suspicions. The Canadian Conference never denied its immediate parentage, and did not hesitate to defend the American Conference as well as itself, against unjust statements and insinuations.

EASTER CAROL.*

EXULT, O bright heaven,
Laugh, dewy-lipped air,
From morn until even—
Be joy everywhere!
Where swept the dark tempest
Stands up the tall palm,
And steals through its fair crest
A radiance calm.

Come forth, O sweet spring-tide,
Come forth, ye fair flowers,
On every bright hill-side
Be beautiful bowers!—
Blue violets tender,
With red roses bold,
And white lilies slender,
Amid marigold.

Break forth like a river,
O joy-burst of praise!
Let every string quiver
In thrill of amaze!
For Jesus is risen,
And comes, as He said,
Unhurt from the prison,
Alive from the dead!

Exult, O ye mountains,
Ye valleys reply,
Ring back, hills and fountains,
The jubilant cry!
All hail! He is risen,
And comes, as He said,
Unhurt from the prison,
Alive from the dead!

* Plaudite cœli,
Rideat æther,
Summus et imus
Gaudeat orbis!
Transivit atræ
Turba procellæ;
Subiit almæ!
Gloria palmæ!

Surgite verni,
Surgite ficres,
Germina pictis
Surgite campis;
Teneris mixtæ
Violis rosæ,
Candida sparsis
Lilia calthis!

Currite plenis
Carmina venis!
Fundite lætum,
Barbytha, metrum:
Namque revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illæsus
Funere Jesus!

Plaudite montes,
Ludite fontes;
Resonent valles,
Repetunt colles
Io revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illæsus
Funere Jesus

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

X.

TUESDAY, OCT. 9.—On this day we have held our Public Thanksgiving for our deliverance from the Pretender. O Lord, make us more worthy of Thy mercies. How hast Thou confounded our enemies! When the Prince, as they call him, landed in Scotland—'tis a little more than a twelvemonth gone—the wild men flocked about him like bees, and when we were at Newcastle, and the news came that Cope had been routed, and that the Scotch were marching on the town, and then that they were hurrying south on London, men's hearts melted within them like water for terror. But hip and thigh was the enemy smitten at Culoden; and since, their prince hath wandered, like a wolf with a price upon his head. I had thought that the foolish story of our being on his side had died out, but to-day one threw it at me, adding that 'twas but because the Methodists were cowards and feared to share their punishment, they pretended to rejoice at the discomfiture of the Jacobites.

Fri. 10.—To-day our dear Hetty returned. Now that my eyes are opened, 'tis startling to note the changes which time hath wrought in her. Her mother will have it that she hath been over-worked; but from what she tells us, and I beheld for myself, 'tis plain that this is idle talk. She and Patty met with much contentment, and once more share the same chamber. Her mother can no more twit Patty with burdensomeness. She earns abundant wages, and the dear child offered, if need were, to keep Hetty as well as herself. It grieves me that my wife, by her peevish talk, should put it into our children's heads that we grudge them the shelter of our roof. She means not what she says. Her bark is worse than her bite, for she is not of a cold or miserly dispostion. Why, then, will she let her tongue so wag? I trust that communion with her sister may be of profit to Patty's soul. Glory to Thy name, O Lord! 'tis plain now that my dear Hetty is Thy child.

Wed. 15.—'Tis blessed now, on my return from services, instead of encountering the cold silence of the whole of my family

(save from the prattle of my little Susan and Jack), to be able to take sweet counsel with my eldest child. Patty says nothing, but begins to listen with much attention to what passes between us, paying most heed, as is natural, to her sister's words. The Lord make them profitable to her soul.

Fri. 17.—I spent great part of last night with a poor man who accuses himself of having committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. 'Tis hard to judge whether his bodily sufferings be but the beginning of his punishment for that dreadful sin, or whether, from the effect of these, he labours under delusion. In any case, his agonies are awful to behold, and the despair of his set eyes, and to hear the tone, as it were of the tolling of a bell for a funeral, without hope for the ungodly, in which he mutters all day long: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men."

Fri., Nov. 7.—To-night we saw the Northern Lights. Yea, the curtains being drawn, at times I still see their strangely wavering brightness, methinks like no other light I wot of. 'Twas between eight and nine they begun to play, and many thought the Day of Judgment had begun, that the Son of man had, indeed, come like a thief in the night. And 'tis not wonderful. Their light is passing strange, now as of heaven opening, and anon as the reflection of a world on fire. I went up into Hetty's chamber. She looked calmly upon the sky; but Patty, on her knees, had buried her face in the bed-clothes. O Lord, Thou wilt not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed!

Mon. 24.—I have not been honoured to receive a letter from him I reverence next to God and my Saviour, Mr. Wesley, since I writ my mind to him so freely (albeit I still think with due respect); but he hath sent Mistress Saunders an account of news he hath received from our brethren in Flanders, one, my dear friend Staniforth. The brethren have lain so near that our sentries and the French have taken snuff with one another. Truly I think this better than gunpowder. But there hath been sharp fighting, so that our men were forced to flee. Of the brethren one is dead, and another left upon the field. Would that the reign of the Prince of Peace had begun! The brethren went into action exhorting their unconverted comrades to seek the forgiveness of

their sins, so that they might have like confidence with themselves in the presence of death.

Wed. 26.—(Nay, 'tis Thur. Morning.) Again the blessed Spirit is at work. As I went to Bath in the morning, I heard one say to another with a laugh, that Roger Cawson had gone mad. I knew what that meant. In the first days the workings of the Spirit were put down to drunkenness, and now when a man seeks Christ, 'tis said he is gone crazy. That worldly men should so judge, perchance is not to be wondered at, for 'twas with a distraught air Roger walked into my house to-night, without his hat, although snow had begun to fall. He came up to me, but said nothing; turned upon his heel, and fled. Again he came, but my family being in the room, again he held his peace. I chanced to be alone when he came the third time, and putting down his mouth to my ear, he asked me in horror how he should escape hell-fire. Thinking I should have a better opportunity of speaking to him there, I persuaded him to return home, and accompanied him thither; he clinging to my arm, trembling and groaning all the way. I found his wife and children in little better case, nay, not so good; all weeping, not for their sins, but for fear the head of the family had gone out of his wits and they should come to want. Finding that they had no ear for spiritual consolations, I persuaded them to go to bed, promising that I would remain with Roger. Then down we dropped upon our knees, and for some hours I wrestled with God in prayer on his behalf. 'Twas not until I had exhorted him to cease crying simply to be saved from hell-fire, to acknowledge himself a vile sinner, and humble himself in the dust, whatever should be the Almighty's will concerning him, that the Lord spake peace to his soul.

"Glory be to God!" he exclaimed. "I was down at the bottom of a coal-pit, and now heaven's opened, and I can see the angels through the floor,—a sinner saved by grace. Thanks be unto the Lord Jesus Christ."

His wife who had crept down, stood wondering. I encouraged her to seek the same blessed Saviour; but alas! she seemed to derive more comfort from my assurance that her husband would doubtless return, and with renewed energy, to his worldly calling in the morning.

Sat., Dec. 13.—The good work having so increased that 'tis

impossible to find room for them which come in any private house, and the hard weather forbidding our meeting in the open air, I have made bold to ask for the use of the granary at the old Malthouse which now stands idle. Methinks that one or other of our farmers might have found room for us. The manager for the Malthouse showed me more courtesy, at once granting me my request; and 'tis expected that to-morrow evening a great multitude will assemble in the granary. The Lord grant that my word may be blessed to their souls. I thank Thee for Thy goodness in again lifting up the light of Thy countenance upon me. Old times have come back. I, that have been despised, am once more called honourable.

Sun., Midnight.—Although I was bruised in the catastrophe, and ache in every limb with running from sufferer to sufferer, I know 'twould be vain to retire to rest. For the present sleep hath forsook mine eyes, though weariness weigheth down my eyelids. Before recording the occurrences of this awful night, I would again offer to Thee, O God, my humble and heartfelt thanks for Thy goodness in once more suffering me to be the living to praise Thee. O Lord be merciful unto the afflicted, and pour the oil and wine of Thy consolations into the hearts of the bereaved. Grant that they may be able to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

When I awoke in the morning I was filled with strange misgivings as to the evening preaching. But these forebodings I set aside, partly because I thought 'twould be cowardly self-seeking, a weak yielding to the flesh, did I, as I had more than once been minded to do, give up the preaching, since, in the course of the day, I had heard that the sons of Belial had banded themselves to muster at it for tumult. But partly, I fear, 'twas through vainglory. I would not lose mine opportunity of speaking to so large a congregation, amongst them, doubtless, false brethren who had belittled me.

A great multitude gathered in the granary in the evening, and all went well until I had given out my text, "Prepare to meet thy God," when lo! with no warning, but a sudden creak and crack, the floor gave way, and the lights being extinguished, the whole congregation fell through into the warehouses and stables beneath.

'Twas terrible to hear the screams of pain and shrieks for help in the horror of deep darkness, and when lights were brought, owing to the clouds of dust, there was at first but little to be seen. I fell upon the top, and beyond a few slight bruises and scratches, without which scarce any escaped, had, thanks to the protecting hand of the Lord, received no harm.

With others in like case, and those who had rushed up at the sound of the crash, I set to work to save the sufferers, who were writhing and tossing in a heap of heads and bodies, legs and arms, hands, feet, boards, beams, as it might have been in a foundering ship.

Considering the numbers, 'tis marvellous there were so few injuries of moment; nevertheless, bones have been broken, and alas! there are three dead, two strangers and one of this village, Roger Cawson; thank God he had found peace.

The strangers have taken away their dead and wounded in carts. They talk angrily as if they had been lured hither to their destruction.

Fri. 19.—Save that many will be laid aside for a long while, the sufferers in this parish are doing well, but two more of the strangers have died of their wounds. I fear that this great gathering, to which I had looked forward as a means of bringing many to the Lord, may for a time stop the good work in this place. If this be in any degree through my unfaithfulness, I humble myself in the dust before God. Nevertheless, my blood must boil at the charges which men bring against me. As though I had not enough soreness of heart, some talk as if I should be hanged for reckless risking of folks' lives, while others openly hint 'twas worse. God grant that they who so openly assail my character be not themselves answerable for a devilish deed wrought to bring discredit on our cause, since more of the vulgar say 'tis manifest from this that God is set against us. Poor Cawson's wife now uses bitter words against me, and anon weeps bitterly at the thought that her man should ever have been murdered, as she saith, through having been fool enough to listen to me and turn Methodist.

Sun. 21.—This afternoon I went to Poor Roger Cawson's funeral. But why call I him poor? He is safe with Christ in God. There was a great gathering at the burial, and most looked upon me with unfriendly, if not downright angry eyes. I was not at

church in the morning, but I am told that in his sermon the Vicar declared openly that the fall of the granary floor was a judgment of God upon the Methodists.

Notwithstanding my assiduous attendance on the sufferers, were anything to happen to them in the present temper of the people, methinks I should have to flee for my life, if suffered to escape with it.

Wed. 24.—My little Jack, who of late had grown well liked in the village, came in complaining of having been stoned; grieved not at the hurt, but the indignity. I would that they which be angry against me would have the manliness to visit their wrath upon myself, and leave my innocent boy alone.

Thur. 25.—With sufferers and glooming faces around us this hath been a dull Christmas. Our dear Hetty, moreover, hath alas! begun to spit blood. But, Lord, I thank Thee for Thy goodness in answering my prayer. Once more I have the whole family under my roof, and on the heart of my poor Patty likewise Thy gracious Spirit hath begun its work. Glory for ever to Thy name!

Wed. 31.—Another year is drawing to a close. Its sands are nigh run out. As numerous, as innumerable have been Thy mercies, O my heavenly Father. Some experiences I have had to humble and to sadden, but these, too, I count among my mercies, for if we bear not the cross, how can we expect to wear the crown?

We held our little watch-night at home, but for dear Hetty's sake, who would fain sit up with us to the last, waited not for midnight before we ceased. My beloved Patty is now an open seeker after salvation. Is not that by itself enough to make my heart run over with thanksgiving? Alas! that so sweet a child should ever have been tempted by a worthless villain into sin; but if this be the fruit of her fall, I no longer repine at Thy mysterious providence, O my Father.

Fri., Jan. 23, 1747.—Alas, alas! But what words can express my anguish? News came to us in Bath that Mr. Wesley was thrown from his horse and killed. Oh that we had parted last in the fulness of our first friendship! That great, good, noble man! My younger in years, but my father in Christ. O Lord, Thy providences are, indeed, mysterious! Who shall supply his loss? Never before have I seen my master so moved. Although in the

thick of business, which hath again set in strongly after the dead season of the holidays, he at once followed his wife's counsel and took horse for Bristol. Mistress Saunders hath it strongly borne in upon her that the report, although we received it with many particular circumstances, is false, the invention of an enemy. If that be not a lie she says, Bristol will witness such a funeral as hath not been seen in memory of man; but still she cheerfully returns to her belief that 'tis a lie. God grant her words prove true.

Sat. 24.—Glory be to God! Mr. Saunders came back last night with glad tidings. 'Twas not a malicious report, but much exaggerated. The following is a true account of what happened. On Tuesday, Mr. Wesley, having to preach at Wick, mounted shortly after dinner. While riding through St. Nicholas Gate, he saw a cart that had turned sharp from Nicholas Street coming fast down hill. There was space, and no more, between the wall for Mr. Wesley to have gone by, had not the driver, although shouted to, being either deaf or pig-headed, blocked the way. Unwilling to ride him down, Mr. Wesley, risking a life of so much greater worth, pulled back his horse. The shaft struck the poor beast on the shoulder and knocked him down, Mr. Wesley, flying over his ears like a stone from a sling, and falling in the mud between the wheel and the wall. The cart went by without harming him. A little dirt which was soon wiped off in a neighbouring shop, at first appeared all the hurt that he had gotten. Mounting again, he reached Wick at the appointed time, and returned to Bristol in time to preach on "Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast." Afterward, he found that he was somewhat bruised, but application of warm treacle dulled the pain within an hour. Thus doth the Lord watch over His saints.

N.B.—Treacle is, indeed, a sovereign salve. 'Tis no wonder Mr. Wesley wearies not of advising it. I have just proved its virtues on my Jacky, who is ever bruising himself.

Mon. 26.—Mr. Wesley hath again visited us, and, I thank the Lord, I am restored to a measure of his favour. After speaking with my accusers, he came back, and holding out his hand, said frankly, "Brother, I believe I have done you wrong in my judgment of you." Still 'tis not as it was before. 'Tis with friendship as with crockery, which when broken, may be mended,

but the crack remains. His visit was a great comfort to Hetty and Patty. My poor dear girls drank in his words as if spoken by more than mortal man. I rejoiced at their consolation, and yet, so weak is human nature, I grudged the coming in of any mere man, however great and good, between myself and my children. They are my children, not only according to the flesh, but in the Lord. O God, forgive me for my wicked, my unthankful spirit of jealousy.

Sat. 31.—To my sorrow I learn that my master makes bargains which pass not through my books. I like not this wool and horse business. For the wool I would say nothing, if above board, but what does my master know about horses? Nevertheless, one spoke confidently of meeting him at the Horse Fair next month. He can but make himself a laughing stock. And were he competent to the business, 'tis not one, methinks, in which a Christian man should engage. The horse hath rightly been called a noble animal; therefore, 'tis strange that to the buying and selling of him there goes more lies and cheating than pass in bargains over any other kind of bestial.

Sat, Feb. 14.—The weather hath of late been very mild, to the comfort of poor Hetty, whom, in spite of all our fires, the cold had pinched. 'Tis sweet to see the care dear Patty hath of her, screening her from every draught, as if a green-house plant, and in the midst of all the work for pay which, in spite of my remonstrances (therein alone resisting all my authority), she will persist in doing, finding time to make her sister wraps and scarfs of woollen. But she is always ready to do anything for all. Verily I think that, in Patty, Mary and Martha have met. I cannot doubt that, she hath not only chosen, but gained, that good part which shall not be taken away from her; although this she will not claim to have secured, being unable to point to any exact time in which the Lord first spoke peace to her soul.

So very mild was the weather to-day that dear Hetty could sit at the open window. Being at home, going through the books of a customer of my master's, who hath become bankrupt I could overhear my dear children's converse. There was now no idle talk of valentines as aforetime, although the pairing birds were twittering on the trees. Primroses are out, and of these and snowdrops Susan and Jack make posies for their sick sister.

Notwithstanding the mildness of the weather, she hath a foreboding that she will never be abroad again until carried to the churchyard, and loves to have the flowers brought to her, as she cannot go to them. Thanks be unto the Lord, she hath now no fear of death, speaking of her approaching end with more calmness than we can bear to listen to. After such talk I have found my poor Patty in an agony of weeping.

Mon. 16.—What a change in a few hours. The snow lies deep upon the ground, and a cold north wind hath been blowing all day, finding its way into the house, in spite of all our care to keep it out; and bringing back worse than ever our poor Hetty's hacking cough. But she bears her sufferings with Christian patience, and thinks not of herself, but others. She could find time to ask whether the wild birds had been fed—Susan and Jack had before made them their care, shovelling and sweeping the snow from the backyard, and scattering crumbs.

Wed. 18.—With difficulty I make my way to and from the city; many of the roads, 'tis said, are quite impassable, filled to the very top of the walls and hedges. I hear of folk snowed up, and of travellers and carriers overwhelmed in the snow, and of coaches that have been with difficulty dug out. The frost has nipped the evergreens brown and black, as if they had been singed and burned with fire. Notwithstanding all our care to warm the bed-chambers, the water froze last night in the ewers into solid lumps. 'Twas pitiful to see the little birds lying dead upon the road.

Wed. 25.—The weather is milder again, which is a relief to our poor sufferer, and to us on her account. The violets fill Hetty's chamber with their odour. At the sight of them, the first this year, the dear child's eyes brightened as I have not seen them since the winter set in.

Fri. 27.—To-day I met poor Robert A——, but he passed me hastily without speaking, whether from shame or hatred I cannot say. Alas! how is the very fashion of his countenance altered since he fell from grace. 'Tis plain he hath no peace, and who can wonder? And 'tis said that his trade, for the bettering of which he left us, is fast falling off. O Lord, restore unto him health, peace, the joy of Thy salvation. Heal his backsliding, O Thou who hast said, "I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away."

It cut me to the heart to see one whose face once shone with the oil of holy gladness, and whose gait in his eagerness to do good was as the bounding of a roe, creeping along with that dreary downcast look.

The last time Mr. Wesley was at Shepton, a drunken mob had been gathered by tuck of drum to assault him, but not alighting, according to his wont, at Brother Stone's, he was enabled to preach in peace. Having found that they had waited in vain, the mob came back and pelted Mr. Wesley from the preaching place to Brother Stone's, afterwards battering the door and breaking the windows. One of the mob, a ringleader, chancing to be shut in the house when the rush was made, was struck on the head; whereupon he, piteously being in fear of death, entreated Mr. Wesley to tell him what he must do; and having bidden him to pray, fell upon his knees, and began to pray with might and main. Having prayed himself, Mr. Wesley went down and walked out of the back door as the mob broke in at the front, and finally escaped unharmed; the mob in their anger, at having been deprived of their prey, being with difficulty restrained from burning down the house. On another occasion, drunken men, at the prompting of the Curate, howled a psalm to throw out the Methodists, but their singing was too strong for them. Afterward the ringleader shouted a mock sermon, his congregation meantime pelting those of the brethren who, owing to the throng, were forced to stand at the doors of the preaching place. Mr. Wesley would fain have gone out to the rioters, and doubtless would have quelled them, had not the brethren taken him off his legs, and held him back by force until the mob dispersed.

FIRST AND LAST.

BY E. R. CHAMPLIN.

THE last of life is better than the first,
Or else that life has by itself been curst.

Who backward looks, and longs to be again
A simple child, has well-nigh lived in vain.

But who looks on, and sees new joy each day,
Shows he has fought and conquered all the way.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF GIDEON OUSELEY;

OR, SKETCHES OF IRISH METHODISM.

In 1797, Gideon Ouseley settled in the little town of Ballymote, in the county of Sligo. He was soon put into the Black Hole of the barracks in Sligo, for disturbing the peace by preaching.

He seems to have no idea of anything short of constant itinerancy. In every one of the five counties of Connaught, in Leinster, and Ulster, he made his appearance on horseback, the people wondering who he was, where he came from, what had sent him, and altogether feeling as if a voice from the Unknown had reached them, and brought strange things to their ears. In fair or market, at burial or patron, he took his stand, and cried aloud. He also succeeded in gaining access to the jails, visiting both the debtors and criminals.

While he preached Christ to a convict sentenced to death, the man at first heard with sullen and stupid disregard, but after some time, looking up at him with a feeling of astonishment, inquired, "Are you an angel or a man; or who or what are you?"

We find that in the next year, 1798, the memorable year of the last great Rebellion, he took up his residence in Sligo, and there opened a school. Perhaps, during this interval, he was not so much occupied in itinerant labours as at other times; yet we have hints of his being here and there, falling in with parties of rebels by night, having the shoes taken off his horse's feet to make pikes' heads, and so on, as if he had nothing else to do but scour the country preaching everywhere.

He would often begin his preaching by talking about the Virgin and St. Peter. "The Virgin," he would say "had the best religion in the world." This was enough to fix attention and conciliate feeling. Then he would say how Peter too had the true religion, and what Peter's religion was. He would go on to tell how both Mary and Peter had learned it all from the one perfect Teacher, and how they owed everything that they had to simply obeying and listening to Him. He would also show that they taught us to render to Jesus just the same absolute obedience

and implicit trust. Thus, in the name of Peter and Mary, he preached the glory of Jesus alone.

During his residence in Sligo the Rebellion came to a crisis. North and South were in a flame. The chronic tidings of broils and murders were now exchanged for news of battles here and there. Wherever the Roman Catholics gained a temporary advantage, horrid butcheries were perpetrated on the Protestants. Yet, in the midst of all this, he would hear that the Methodist preachers were enabled to hold on their course, traversing the most disturbed districts, and, though sometimes seized and doomed to death, in the end escaping, as if an invisible cover turned danger from their heads.

At the meeting of the Irish Conference following the Rebellion, Dr. Coke, who presided, insisted upon the formation of a general mission directed to the Irish-speaking population. Ouseley laboured with great success; but the devil, seeing his kingdom shaking, often stirred the baser sort to oppose and raise disturbance. "One time," writes Graham, "preaching in the street in Granard, an old man with a grey head gathered up a handful of the dirt in the street and threw it over the crowd right into Ouseley's face. When he got his mouth cleaned he cried out, 'Now, boys, did I deserve that?' 'No, no!' was the cry from all sides; and shortly after the same fellow came again and attempted the same thing; but the people fell upon him, and you would think they were trying to kick twenty devils out of him. They beat him greatly, and he lost his hat in the fray, and had to travel many miles without it on Christmas Eve."

At the time of their appointment together as missionaries specially to the Irish-speaking population, Mr. Graham was forty-nine years of age, and Ouseley thirty-six—the one a veteran, and the other a well-practised volunteer. With all his apparent fearlessness, it is manifest that Graham had an inward struggle with himself before he could muster courage to stand up in the streets of Sligo. It was his native place, and was besides a considerable town. But he took his stand at the corner of two streets, where he could command "both Church and Mass people." Soon he was surrounded by a gazing multitude. His open, manly bearing, and soft, musical, but commanding voice, secured a hearing. The Irish flowing from that voice is said to have been strangely sweet, having an effect in the

enunciation hardly ever recognized in any other speaker. One day some "son of Belial" led up a pig by the ear, until its shrill voice competed with his; then a soldier came forward and began to bark like a dog; but the evangelist had resources they knew not of to fall back upon. Waiting and persevering, he overcame all, and finally pealed forth the truths of eternal solemnity in thunder "that bore down all before it."

Graham and Ouseley soon began to be heard of far and wide. Their appearance at fairs, markets, and patrons; their preaching on horseback; their wonderful Irish; their courage, love, and mysterious power over conscience; and especially the unheard-of changes in heart and life wrought through their preaching, became the theme of common conversation, so that, swiftly as they travelled, they almost everywhere found some prepared by report to welcome, and some to oppose them.

One day they met groups of peasants, coming away from a holy well, where they had been attending the "Patron;" that is, the anniversary feast of the patron saint. As the shoeless creatures, who had been praying and making offerings, perhaps for the forgiveness of sins, perhaps for the recovery of a sick cow, straggled in little groups along the road, they would expect to exchange a courteous "God save your honour!" with the gentleman on horseback; but were probably surprised when the horses were reined up, and "broadcloth" began to talk to "frieze" in the kindliest tones and in the best Irish. They did not suspect heresy in that tongue; indeed, probably, they believed that Satan himself could never speak it. Therefore, their ears were open. They were told of One who loved the like of them so much that He came from Heaven to seek them, and that He would forgive all their iniquities and heal all their diseases. They fell on their knees, and smote their breasts, and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes called upon God. "They would almost adore us," says Graham; "we had hard work to prevent them from kissing our feet."

It is about this time that Mr. Campbell fixes the date of the conversion of Terry McGowan, the cock-fighter, one which, in the phrase of the people, "became the talk of the country-side." Terry lived near Maguire's Bridge, and one market day, making for the cockpit, he entered the town with a game cock under his swallow-tail coat. On turning a corner he found two men before

him on horseback with black caps, and making the streets resound with the accents of his mother-tongue. Terry stood and listened, eyes and all; they called loudly on every sinner there to lose no time but surrender at once to the Lord Jesus Christ before it was too late. Terry knew not but a finger had touched him. The cockpit had gone clean out of his mind, and he thought that the judgment day was fast coming. He wanted to lift up both hands and call upon God, and the one which had been keeping guard, under his coat-tail, forgot its charge. The two hands went up together to present the publican's prayer, and the game-cock was gone; Terry prayed and wept, and cried aloud again and again. A peace and gladness, such as he never knew, were shed abroad in his heart. Home he went bounding, to tell his wife and children the strange way in which he had been made a winner that day. They heard but did not understand. His wife told one of the children to go to the house of a neighbour, and beg them to hasten away for the priest, because Terry had come home from the market out of his mind. When the priest arrived, he enquired what was the matter.

"Never better in my life," said Terry.

"Nonsense," replied his reverence; but he soon saw further into the case than the poor wife had done. "Did you hear the Black-caps?"

"I did, thank God."

"So I thought. These fellows would turn the world mad. Well, now, Terry, just mind your own business, and go to your duty next Sunday."

"But the Lord has said to me, 'Terry McGowan, your sins, which are many, are all forgiven you.'"

This was more than the priest could stand.

"I give you up as a lost case," he said to Terry and took his leave.

At Enniscourt as Ouseley began to preach, missiles began to fly—at first refuse vegetables, potatoes, turnips, etc.; but before long, brickbats and stones, some of which reached him and inflicted slight wounds. He stopped, and, after a pause, cried out, "Boys, dear, what's the matter with you to-day? Won't you let an old man talk to you a little?" "We don't want to hear a word out of your old head," was the prompt reply from

one in the crowd. "But I want to tell you what, I think, you would like to hear." "No, we'll like to hear nothing you can tell us." "How do you know? I want to tell you a story about one you will say you respect and love." "Who's that?" "The blessed Virgin?" "Och, and what do *you* know about the blessed Virgin?" "More than you think; and I'm sure you'll be pleased with what I have to tell you, if you'll only listen to me." "Come then," said another voice, "let us hear what he has to say about the Holy Mother." And there was a lull, and the missionary began: "There was once a couple to be married, belonging to a little town called Cana. It's away in a country where our blessed Saviour spent a great part of His life among us; and the decent people whose children were to be married thought it right to invite the blessed Virgin to the wedding-feast, and her blessed Son too, and some of His disciples; and they all thought it right to come. As they sat at table, the Virgin Mother thought she saw that the wine provided for the entertainment began to run short, and she was troubled lest the decent young people should be shamed before their neighbours; and so she whispered to her blessed Son, 'They have no wine.' 'Don't let that trouble you, ma'am,' said He. And in a minute or two after, she, knowing well what was in His good heart, said to one of the servants that was passing behind them, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you do it.' Accordingly, by-and-by, our blessed Lord said to another of them—I suppose they had passed the word amongst themselves —'Fill those large water pots with water.' (There were six of them standing in a corner of the room, and they held nearly three gallons apiece, for the people of those countries use a great deal of water every day.) And, remembering the words of the Holy Virgin, they did His bidding, and came back and said, 'Sir, they are full to the brim.' 'Take some, then, to the master at the head of the table,' He said. And they did so, and the master tasted it, and, lo and behold you! it was wine, and the best of wine, too! And there was plenty of it for the feast, ay, and, it may be, some left to the young couple setting up house-keeping. And all that, you see, came of the servants taking the advice of the blessed Virgin, and doing what she bade them. Now, if she was here among us this day, she would give just the same advice to every one of us, 'Whatsoever *He* saith unto you do it;' and with good reason too, for well she knows there is

nothing but love in His heart to us, and nothing but wisdom comes from His lips. And now I'll tell you some of the things He says to us. He says, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will strive to enter in, and shall not be able.'" And straightway the preacher briefly, but forcibly, expounded the nature of the gate of life, its straitness, and the dread necessity for pressing into it, winding up with the Virgin's counsel, "Whatsoever He saith unto you do it." "But no," at last He broke forth, "no; with all the love and reverence you pretend for the blessed Virgin, you won't take her advice, but will listen willingly to any drunken schoolmaster that will wheedle you into a public-house, and put mischief and wickedness into your heads." Here he was interrupted by a voice, which seemed to be that of an old man, exclaiming, "True for you! true for ye! If you were tellin' lies all the days of your life, it's the truth you're tellin' now." And so the preacher got leave to finish his discourse with not a little good effect.

"When he was travelling in the north of Ireland one day, about the year 1814 or 1815, in company with the Rev. Henry Deery, as they jogged along on horseback, they heard the voices of young girls blithely singing, and through an open doorway at the roadside saw a group of them in the house, employed in 'scutching' flax. Ouseley pulled up, saying, 'Brother Deery, there's work for us here; take hold of my reins;' and, quickly alighting, entered the house, taking off his hat, and saying, 'God save you, children.' 'Save you kindly, sir,' was the cheerful response. 'What is this you are doing?' 'Scutching flax, sir.' 'Scutching flax, what's that for?' 'Ah, don't you know what flax is, sir? Sure, it's what your shirt is made of.' 'What my shirt is made of! How can that be?' 'Don't you see, sir,' said one of the girls, holding up a bunch of flax—which had been partially *scutched*, and showing Mr. Ouseley the fibre. 'That's what we spin into yarn, and the weavers make the yarn into the kind of cloth your shirt is made of.' 'Oh, I see, I see!' said Mr. Ouseley; 'thank you, my dear. And what is all this lying about the floor?' pointing to the heap of chaff which lay at the feet of each of the workers. 'Them's the shows, sir.' 'Shows, my dear! and what will you make of them?' 'Make of them, sir?'—and there was a little laugh among the girls. 'Why, nobody could make anything of them.' 'And

weren't they a part of the flax awhile ago?' asked he. 'To be sure, sir; but they're good for nothing now, except to be burnt; and a bad fire they make.' 'Oh, I understand, I understand,' said the preacher; and then very solemnly went on: 'And, children dear, just so will the Lord Jesus Christ' (and here every head was bowed) 'come one day with all His holy angels, and He will *scutch* the world, and He will gather together all that is good, every one that is fit for His kingdom, and take them to Himself; and the rest—the shows, the chaff—He will cast into unquenchable fire!' 'The Lord save us!' was whispered around. 'Amen!' said the preacher; 'let us pray.' All were promptly on their knees, while Mr. Ouseley, in fervent petitions, pleaded for the salvation of the young workers. Rising up, he blessed them in the name of the Lord, mounted his horse, and rode away, leaving them hardly sure that an angel had not visited them."

One fine summer's day, Mr. Ouseley saw some men cutting peat. He said, "What are you doing, boys?" "We are cutting turf, sir," was the reply. "Sure you don't require it this fine weather?" "No, sir, we don't want it now, but we will want it in the cold days of winter, and in the long nights." "And won't it be time enough to cut it when you want it, and let the winter provide for itself?" "Oh, *musha*, it would be too late then." It will be readily seen that he had been working for a text, and having now got it, proceeded with his sermon.

In small towns, before preaching indoors, he would select an hour when the labouring men were sauntering about before supper; and, getting under a tree, if possible with seats round it, would begin singing the plaintive air of "Molly Asthore" to a hymn in Irish or English. In larger towns, on the other hand, keeping to the saddle, he would place himself before a shop window, if possible that of an apothecary, and, above all, of a Roman Catholic, for both of these circumstances helped to deter the mob from throwing stones. In county towns he aimed at being present during the assizes, and by this time his name was so generally known, that lawyers, magistrates, jurors, yeomen, and the lower orders crowded into the outdoor congregations. The field-meetings—sometimes by barns, and occasionally on the lawn beside a mansion—were among his most favourite scenes of labour.

So he laboured on for forty years, and even in extreme old age we find in his journal such entries as the following: "From Sunday morning, August the 27th, to Thursday morning, September the 21st, I was enabled by my Lord to preach fifty-four times in and out of doors—not far from my seventy-seventh year!"

In his last illness, his sufferings became intense, and he would cry "My Father, my Father, support Thy suffering child. Thy will be done, my Father God." He frequently repeated the hymn—

"And let this feeble body fail."

but most of all the last stanza—

"Oh, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day."

Being asked by his nephew, "What do you think of the Gospel, which you have preached all your life?" he replied, "Oh, it is light, and life, and peace."

About three hours before his death, he told them to read the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel. He spoke upon discipleship, upon being one with Christ, and upon the teaching of that chapter as to the Holy Spirit, dwelling on which he said, "I have no fear of death The Spirit of God sustains me. God's Spirit is my support." Apparently this was the last word that he ever uttered; and a little after the noonday, he entered into the everlasting light. A few days afterwards the old Methodist chapel, in Whitefriars Street, beheld an unusual solemnity, and presently men with full breasts stood round the grave in Mount Jerome, and there returned to mother earth all that was now earthly of one of the best sons of Erin that the green sod ever covered.

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

GASPARD DE COLIGNY, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.*

No historic record presents features of more tragic and pathetic interest than that of French Protestantism. The Albigensian reform in the thirteenth century was extinguished in blood. A new crusade was preached, not against the infidel Saracen but against the heretics of Languedoc. At the siege of Bezier, when asked how the Romanists should be recognized and spared, the Abbot of Citeaux made the famous reply, worthy of Caligula, "Slay them all, the Lord will know His own." Of a population estimated at 60,000 persons, scarce a soul escaped alive, and the city, fired in every part, was reduced to one vast funeral pile.

For three hundred years the Reformation in France was put back; but with the great religious movement of the sixteenth century it again awoke. With the revival of learning and study of the Scriptures in their original tongues, the long-buried truths of the Gospel began to assert their power. In 1521, the very year in which "the monk that shook the world" confronted the power of the Empire at Worms, the New Testament was published in French, and Lefèvre and Farel were preaching throughout France the vital doctrine of the Reformation—salvation by faith. Marguerite of Navarre, the sister of Francis I., adopted the new opinions, which were also favoured by the Marquise de Chatillon the high-souled and brave-hearted mother of Gaspard de Coligny. Under the pious training of this noble matron the lad grew up in hearty sympathy with "the religion," as it was pre-eminently called, of which he was destined to become so conspicuous a champion and martyr.

But the new doctrines fell under the ban of the Sorbonne. The persecution which began with the burning of six Lutherans in the Place de Grève spread throughout the "infected" provinces.

* The principal authorities consulted in the preparation of this paper are Besant's Life of Coligny, Martyn's History of the Huguenots, Student's History of France, Punshon's Huguenots and Appleton's Cyclopædia *in verbis.*

Thousands were massacred, towns and villages were burned to ashes, and some of the fairest regions of France were turned into a desert. But like the Israelites in Egypt, the Reformed "the more they were vexed, the more they multiplied and grew." Before the death of Francis it was estimated that one-sixth of the population of France, and these its most intelligent artizans and craftsmen, were adherents of "the religion." During the short reign of his son, Henry II., they so increased in numbers and in boldness that they paraded the streets of Paris in thousands, chanting the hymns of Clement Marot, and were already a powerful political party.

Coligny was a scion of one of the greatest families in France. His own promotion was rapid. He became in quick succession Colonel, Captain-General, Governor of Picardy and Admiral of France. He introduced a rigid discipline that converted, says Brantome, the army from a band of brigands into noble soldiers. He served with distinction in the Netherlands against the Spaniards, but was captured at the siege of St. Quentin and was carried prisoner to Antwerp. Here he lay ill with a fever for many weeks. During his convalescence he profoundly studied the Scriptures. He had always sympathized with the Reformed faith, but now he openly espoused the Calvinist Creed. By this act he imperilled his high position and must have foreseen the stern conflict with the dominant party in which he, as the leading member of the persecuted religion, must engage. But he boldly cast in his lot with this despised and hated party, choosing like Moses, rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

In this resolve he never wavered, but in an age of selfishness, treachery and vice in high places, he stood like a tower of trust, "four-square to all the winds that blew." He obtained his release from prison by a ransom of 50,000 crowns and in his castle of Chatillon with his wife and boys, enjoyed a brief interval of domestic repose before entering on his career of noble patriotism which was to end only with his death. His brother D'Andelot, also cast in his lot with the Reformed party, and boldly declared his choice. "How now, sirrah!" exclaimed the king, "have you, too, become moon-stricken, that you utter this vile trash of Calvin, and rant like a common heretic against our Holy Mother-Church?" "Sire," said the brave man, "in mat-

ters of religion I can use no disguise, nor could I deceive God were I to attempt it. Dispose of my life, property, and appointments as you will, my soul is subject only to my Creator from whom I received it, and whom alone in matters of conscience, I must obey. In a word, Sire, I would rather die than go to mass." The enraged monarch drew his rapier and menaced the uncourtly knight with instant death; when his rage cooled he stripped D'Andelot of his honours and threw him into prison.

On the death of Henry II., by the splintered lance of Montgomery, the feeble Francis II., not sixteen years of age, fell under the influence of the haughty Guises and of the Queen-mother, the infamous Catherine de Medicis—"the sceptred sorceress of Italy, on whom we gaze with a sort of constrained and awful admiration as upon an embodiment of power—but power cold, crafty, passionless and cruel—the power of the serpent of basilisk eye, and iron fang, and deadly grip, and poisonous trail." * The persecution of the Huguenots, † as they were called, went on apace. They were every day accused, imprisoned, fined, banished or burned. From being a religious movement Calvinism became political disaffection and rebellion. Its first grave error was the "conspiracy of Amboise." An attempt was made to expel the Guises and restore the real government to the youthful king who was a mere puppet in their hands. It failed through treachery, and the Guises wreaked a terrible revenge. The streets of Amboise ran red with blood and the Loire was choked with Huguenot corpses. The balcony is still shown where Francis and his child-wife—Mary, Queen of Scots, only fifteen—the Guises and the cruel Medicis, sat to gloat upon the death-pangs of their victims. A contemporary engraving of the scene is now before us. The beautiful and high-born look down from their place of power upon the headless bodies and the gibbets with their ghastly burden, while Villemongis, a brave nobleman, dipping his hands in the crimson tide cries out, beneath the headsman's sword, "Lord, behold the blood of Thy children; Thou wilt take vengeance for them." The nation recoiled from these atrocities and Calvinism became daily more widespread and defiant.

* Rev. W. Morley Punshon's "Huguenots."

† This word is a corruption of the German *Eidgenossen*, i.e., Confederates.

An assembly of notables was convened at Fontainebleau. Coligny presented to the king a petition for the toleration of "the religion." It was endorsed, "The supplication of those who in divers provinces invoke the name of God according to the rule of piety." "Your petition bears no signature," said Guise. "Give me but the opportunity," replied the Admiral "and I will get 50,000 signatures in Normandy alone." "And I," cried Guise, "will lead against them 500,000 who will sign the reverse in their blood." Not to be intimidated by such threats, Coligny earnestly pleaded for that religious liberty which few men of the age could comprehend. The Guises urged the assassination of the Protestant leaders, Antoine de Bourbon and the Prince of Condé; but from this depth of infamy the king recoiled, or perhaps his courage only failed. The Guises now contrived a notable "rat-trap" for the Huguenots, whereby every heretic in the kingdom was on the same day to be murdered. At Christmastide, 1560, the anniversary of God's message of peace and good-will to men, a formula which no Huguenot could sign was to be presented to every man and woman in the realm, the rejection of which was to be punished with death. Everything was in readiness but a higher power interposed. "A pale horse," says Dr. Punshon, "stood before the palace gate, and the rider passed the wardens without challenge and summoned the young king to give account at a higher tribunal." In his dying despair the unhappy boy called upon the Virgin and all the saints, vowing that should he be restored he would spare none—however near and dear—should they be tainted with heresy. But he died and, while the Queen-mother, Catharine, sat intriguing in her cabinet, was huddled into his grave at St. Denis, unattended, unlamented.

We may here notice two attempts by Coligny to plant a Huguenot colony in the New World, both of which ended in disappointment and disaster. The first was made under Villegagnon a knight of Malta, in 1535, on an island which he named after his patron Coligny, off the coast of Brazil. But famine, pestilence, mutiny and religious dissension followed, and the colony was finally destroyed by the Portuguese. In 1562 another attempt was made to plant a colony in Florida, under Ribaut, a Huguenot captain. It was re-enforced to the number of about 700 men, but was attacked by the Spaniards under Menendez,

and 600 men were slaughtered—"not as Frenchmen," the conqueror declared, "but as Huguenots." Their countryman, De Gourges, bitterly avenged their death. With only 200 men he attacked and razed the Spanish fort and hanged its garrison—"not as Spaniards, but as traitors, thieves, and murderers." Early in the 17th century the De Caens, uncle and nephew, zealous Huguenots, established a vigorous trading company in Canada; but the intolerant Richelieu soon suppressed the obnoxious Protestant worship and the singing of Marot's psalms, and banished all the Huguenots from the country.

On the death of Francis II., his brother, a boy of only ten and a-half years, was proclaimed, under the title of Charles IX. The Queen-mother, the wily Medicis, was, as Regent, the chief authority. For a time she dallied with the Huguenots, and a partial toleration of their worship was permitted. The fickle Antoine of Navarre was induced to abjure his Protestant faith and was promoted to high office in the realm. His wife, the heroic Jeanne d'Albrét, passionately embracing her son, the future Henry IV., exclaimed: "Oh, my son, if you renounce the religion of your mother, she will renounce you." "My dear madam," said the wily Catharine, "it is best to appear to yield." "Rather than deny my faith" exclaimed the true-hearted woman, "if I had my son in one hand and my kingdom in the other, I would throw them both into the sea."

Relying on the edict of toleration, the Huguenots of Vassy were assembled one Sunday morning for worship. The Duke of Guise with his men-at-arms riding by swore that he would "Huguenot them to some purpose." With his hireling butchers he fell upon the unarmed congregation and slaughtered 64 and wounded 200. The "massacre of Vassy" was the outbreak of the civil war, which for thirty long years rent the unhappy kingdom.

As Coligny, on hearing of this massacre, pondered in his bed by night the awful issue before him, he heard his wife sobbing by his side. "Sound your conscience" he said; "are you prepared to face confiscation, exile, shame, nakedness, hunger, for yourself and children, and death at the hands of the headsman after that of your husband? I give you three weeks to decide." "They are gone already," the brave soul replied. "Do not delay, or I myself will bear witness against

you before the bar of God." He cast in his lot and fortune with the persecuted religion and rode off next morning to join the Huguenot army of Condé. The camp became like a religious congregation. Night and morning there were public prayers; dice, cards, oaths, private foraging, and lewdness were sternly forbidden. Condé seized Orleans, Tours, Bourges. Calvin appealed from Geneva to all the Protestant powers for aid. Germany sent 4,000 horse. Elizabeth of England garrisoned Havre, Dieppe, Rouen. Philip II. sent 6,000 Spanish veterans to crush the rebel Huguenots. At Amiens, Toulouse, Angoulême were cruel massacres of the Protestants. Navarre and Guise with 18,000 men besieged Rouen—"We must snatch it from the maw of those bull-dog English," said the crafty Catharine. After three assaults it was taken by storm. For eight bloody days sack and pillage raged with implacable fury through its picturesque streets. But the unkingly Navarre received his death-wound in the siege and soon expired. Condé and the Huguenots met Montmorency and the Catholics at Dreux. For seven hours the battle raged till 8,000 dead strewed the plain. Guise swooped down on Orleans, swearing that he "would take the burrow where the foxes had retreated and chase the vermin over all France." As he rode beneath the walls he was waylaid by a fanatical Huguenot soldier and shot with poisoned bullets. Coligny, who had actually warned his enemy against private attempts on his life, was accused by the son of Guise as the assassin, and was made at last the victim of the bloodiest revenge in history.

A hollow truce was now concluded which only gave the Catholic party time to recruit their exhausted resources. At Bayonne, in 1564, Catharine received a visit from her daughter, Elizabeth, wife of the bigot Philip II., and from his persecuting minister, the merciless Alva. While gay pageants amused the populace this dark trio plotted the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Alva especially urged the destruction of the Protestant leaders. "Ten thousand frogs," he said, "are not worth the head of one salmon." The Huguenot leaders attempted to seize the young king and to free him from the malign influence of Catharine. They failed, but Coligny with 3,000 men held gallantly at bay 18,000 of the enemy before Paris. In this engagement fell the aged Montmorenci, Constable of France, concerning whom Brantome writes that, without ceasing his paternosters he would say, "go hang

me that rascal, run that fellow through with a pike, burn me this village," thus combining war and religion in a single act. Hence the proverb: "Beware of the Constables' paternosters."

At this juncture Coligny's German allies clamoured for their pay, some 100,000 crowns. There were not 2,000 in the army chest. The Huguenot soldiers, serving without pay, smarting from defeat, ill-provisioned and marching barefoot in wintry weather, gave their rings, trinkets, and forage-money to appease their mercenary allies. Such an army was invincible and marched to victory everywhere. Coligny, ever anxious for peace, signed a truce and retreated to Chatillon. Catharine sent troops to arrest by stealth him whom she could not conquer by open force. But forewarned, the Admiral and his household escaped, but were stopped by the swollen Loire. As their pursuers came in view a single voice raised the song of deliverance, "When Israel came out of Egypt," and the fugitives crossed safely over. This their enemies essaying to do, says the legend, were drowned by the sudden rise of the waters. The fugitives now reached that famous Protestant refuge, Rochelle—"Our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters"—whither also fled Prince Condé, Queen Margaret of Navarre, with her son, the future Henry IV., and other Protestant leaders; and St. Bartholomew was again postponed.

Having now access to the sea, Coligny raised a fleet, in which the same pious discipline was enforced as in his armies, and kept up constant intercourse with the English ports. Soon the Huguenots had an army of 20,000 men. But on March 13, 1569, its rear-guard was surprised by the Duke of Anjou at Jarnac. As Condé rode to the rescue, his leg was shattered by a kick from a horse. "Gentlemen of France," he cried, "see how a Condé goes to battle for Christ and his country," but he was soon unhorsed and shot by a Captain of the Guards. A *Te Deum* was sung in all the churches of France, and in Rome, Madrid, and Brussels, for the death of this Protestant prince. Coligny, himself wounded, dared not bear the tidings to Rochelle. The heroic Queen of Navarre it was who raised the soldiers from despair. She rode along the ranks with her son Henry at her side, and addressed the troops in burning words, offering her dominions, her treasures, her son, her life. A universal shout accepted the young Henry of Navarre as the Protestant leader; and the grey-

haired Coligny was the first to kiss the hand of the boy of fifteen, whose white plume was to be the oriflamme of victory on many a bloody field. Among the distinguished volunteers with Coligny on that fateful day were an English youth of eighteen, destined to become famous in two hemispheres—Walter Raleigh—and Count Louis of Nassau, brother of William the Silent, the hero of the Netherlands.

Domestic bereavements one after another now befell Coligny. His two brothers—"his right and left hand" he said—died, not without a suspicion of poison; and in swift succession, his wife, his first-born son, and his beloved daughter Renée; and his chateau was pillaged. Still he waged, though with heavy heart, the unequal conflict with his foes. At Moncontour a pistol shot shattered his jaw, yet he kept his saddle and brought off his army, although with the loss of 6,000 men. Still his high courage faltered not, and by a decisive victory he won a full toleration for the long-persecuted Huguenots. The perfidious Catharine plied her subtlest craft, and fawned, and smiled, and "murdered while she smiled." The young king seemed to give his full confidence to Coligny. His sister, the fair but frail Margaret of Valois, was given in marriage to the young Protestant hero, Henry of Navarre. The Admiral himself renewed his youth in second nuptials with the noble and beautiful Jacqueline of Savoy; and on the eve of the blackest crime of the age "all went merry as a marriage bell." "The cautious fish have taken the bait," exulted the treacherous Medicis. The Queen of Navarre left her Court at Rochelle to witness at the Louvre the nuptials of her son. In a few days she was a corpse—poisoned, it was whispered by a pair of perfumed gloves. Still the high-souled Admiral deemed his Sovereign incapable of such foul treachery. The deferred nuptials of Navarre and Margaret of Valois, at length took place on a great scaffold in front of the even then venerable Notre Dame. Four days later, August 22, as Coligny was returning from a visit to the King, a shot from a window shattered his arm and cut off a finger. The King and Queen-mother visited with much apparent sympathy the wounded Admiral, and disarmed his noble nature of distrust. It was, he thought, the private malice of the Guises, his implacable foes.

The arch-conspirators, the harpy Medicis, Anjou and Guise

—for the king was rather the tool than a mover of the plot—urged on the preparations for their damning crime. Under the plea of protection the Huguenots were lodged in one quarter of the city, around which was drawn a cordon of Anjou's guards. The awful eve of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572 arrived. The king sat late in the Louvre, pale, trembling, and agitated; his unwomaned mother urging him to give the signal of death. "Craven," she hissed as the cold sweat broke out on his brow. "Begin, then," he cried, and a pistol shot rang out on the still night air. He would have recalled the signal, but the "royal tigress" reminded him it was too late; and, "even as they spoke the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois tolled heavy and booming through the darkness," and the tocsin of death was caught up and echoed from belfry to belfry over the sleeping town. Then the narrow streets became filled with armed men shouting "For God and the King." The chief of the assassins, the Duke of Guise, with 300 soldiers rushed to the lodgings of the Admiral. Its doors were forced. Coligny wakeful from his recent wound, had heard the tumult and was at prayer with his chaplain. "I have long been prepared to die" said the brave old man. "Save your lives if you can, you cannot save mine. I commend my soul to God." "Art thou Coligny?" demanded Besme, a bravo of Guise's, bursting in. "I am," said the hero soul. Then looking in the face of the assassin, he said calmly, "Young man, you should respect my gray hairs, but work your will; you abridge my life but a few short days. Besme plunged a sword into his breast, and the soldiers rushing in despatched him with daggers. "Is it done?" demanded Guise, from the court-yard below. "It is done, my lord," was the answer, and they threw the dead body from the window to the stone pavement. By the fitful light of a torch, Guise wiped the blood from the venerable face. "I know it," he cried, joyfully, "it is he," and he spurned the dead body with his foot, and ordered the hoary head to be smitten off, that the unsexed Medicis might gloat upon it in her boudoir. What became of it is not known. One story reports that it was sent as an acceptable present to the Pope at Rome; another, that it took its place with those of the murdered Flemish nobles, Egmont and Horn, in Philip's cabinet at Madrid. The dishonoured body, after being dragged for two days through the streets, was hung on a

gibbet. When the king came to glut his revenge by gazing on his victim, as the courtiers shrank from the piteous object, "Fie," he exclaimed in the words of the monster Vitellius, "the body of an enemy is always a pleasant sight."

Through the narrow streets rushed the midnight assassins shouting, "Kill, kill. Blood-letting is good in August. Death to the Huguenots. Let not one escape." Candles burned in all the windows of the Catholic houses lighting the human hyenas to the work of slaughter. The sign of peace, the holy cross, was made the assassins' badge of recognition. The Huguenot houses were marked and their inmates, men and women, maids and matrons, old age and infancy were given up to indiscriminate massacre. The Queen-mother, and her "dames of honour" from the palace windows feasted their eyes on the scene of blood, and the king himself snatching an arquebuse shot down the wretched suppliants who fled for refuge to his merciless gates. For a week the carnival of death continued. The streets ran red with blood. The Seine was choked with corpses. Throughout the realm, at Meaux, Angers, Bourges, Orleans, Lyons, Toulouse, Rouen, and many another city and town, the scenes of slaughter were repeated till France had immolated in the name of religion 100,000 of her noblest sons. Young Henry of Navarre was spared only to the tears and prayers of the king's sister, his four-days' bride.

Rome held high jubilee over this deed of death. Cannon thundered, organs pealed, and sacred choirs sang glory to the Lord of Hosts for this signal favour vouchsafed His Holy Church; and on consecrated medals was perpetuated a memorial of the damning infamy forever.* In the Sistine Chapel may still be seen Vesuri's picture of the tragedy, with the inscription—"*Pontifex Colignii necem probat*—the holy Pontiff approves the slaughter of Coligny." In the gloomy cloisters of the Escurial, the dark-browed Philip on the reception of the tidings, laughed —for the first time in his life, men said—a sardonic, exulting, fiendish laugh.

But throughout Protestant Christendom a thrill of horror curdled the blood about men's hearts. They looked at their wives and babes, then clasped them closer to their breast, and swore eternal enmity to Rome. For once the cold language of diplomacy

* A copy of this lies before us as we write—an angel with a sword slaying the Huguenots, with the legend VGONOTORVM STRAGES.

caught fire and glowed with the white heat of indignation. At London, Elizabeth, robed in deepest mourning, and in a chamber draped with black, received the French ambassador, and sternly rebuked this outrage on humanity. Her minister at Paris, in the very focus of guilt and danger, fearlessly denounced the crime.

The brave Rochelle became again a refuge for the oppressed and for six months endured a bloody siege in which 50,000 of the besiegers perished by the sword or by disease; and Rochelle, Montauban and Nismes secured their civic independence and the free exercise of the Protestant faith. Ere long a dreadful doom overtook the wretched Charles, the guilty author, or at least instrument of this crime. Within twenty months he lay tossing upon his death couch at Paris. His midnight slumbers were haunted by hideous dreams. "The darkness"—we quote from Froude—"was peopled with ghosts, which were mocking and mouthing at him, and he would start out of his sleep to find himself in a pool of blood—blood—ever blood." The night he died, his nurse, a Huguenot, heard his self-accusations. "I am lost," he muttered; "I know it but too well; I am lost." He sighed, blessed God that he had left no son to inherit his crown and infamy, and passed to the great tribunal of the skies. The bloody and deceitful man shall not live out half his days. He was only twenty-four when he died.

His brother, Duke of Anjou, an effeminate debauchee, assumed the crown as Henry III. Within four years from the massacre of St. Bartholomew the Huguenots had wrung from him a peace which raised them to a higher dignity and power than they had ever known before. A "Holy League" of their foes was formed for their destruction. A prolonged war followed, of which the hero was Henry of Navarre. The truculent king procured the assassination in his own presence of that Duke of Guise, who had been the chief instrument in the massacre of the Huguenots. He spurned with his foot the dead body of Guise, as Guise had spurned that of Coligny, sixteen years before. In six months he was himself assassinated by the fanatic monk, Jacques Clement.

The dagger of Clement gave France a Huguenot king, the gallant Henri Quatre, who at Ivry had won new renown. To give peace to the realm he recanted the Protestant faith, with which his life was little in accord. "Paris is well worth a mass," he said. But by the Edict of Nantes he gave the Huguenots full

toleration. After a reign of twenty years he, too, fell a victim to the assassin's dagger in the hand of the fanatical monk, Ravaillac.

A hundred years later, the dragonades of Louis XIV. and his revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove half a million of his best subjects from the kingdom, and impoverished his realm and led to the triumph of Protestant principles in Europe. Of all the Huguenot heroes of these three hundred years none are so truly heroic, none are so pious and so pure as Gaspard Coligny, the martyr admiral of France—"A patriot whom no ingratitude could alienate; a believer, whose humble piety probed its own failings to the quick, but flung the mantle of its charity over the errors of others; the military hero of the Reformation, whose only faults seem to have been excessive virtues; who was lacking in sagacity, because his own heart all transparent, he could scarcely realize the perfidy of others—Gaspard de Coligny, who lived a saint—Gaspard de Coligny who died a martyr. France engraves upon her muster-roll of worthies no braver or more stainless name."* It was he who organized Reform and disciplined the Reformers, and taught them their strength when united, their weakness apart. Like his illustrious contemporary, William the Silent,† he was, in the principles of religious toleration, far ahead of his age. "By his introduction of a rigid discipline in the French armies," says the Catholic Brantome, "he saved a million lives." "He was," says his latest biographer, "grave, not stern; severe in speech, simple in life, but no bigot, trusted by all alike, friend and foe; trusting all in turn save when he can trust no longer; never afraid; never losing his hold on faith, hope and charity; his mind continually full of high and lofty things."

Coligny's home-life was particularly winning. Fond of letters, of art, of his garden and grounds, his life of arms was one foreign to his gentle tastes. He slept at most six hours, he drank little

* Punshon's Huguenots.

† With Prince William, who may almost be called his disciple, he was united by tender ties. His daughter, Louise, after seeing her young husband, Teligny, murdered in her arms at the St. Bartholomew, became the wife of William of Orange, only to see him share the same fate. She became herself the mother of a long line of sovereigns including our own illustrious William of Orange.

wine and ate little meat. He had daily prayers and frequent sermons and psalm-singing in his household; yet it was one of cheerful gaiety. His affection for his wife and children was intense. Yet when the eldest died he devoutly wrote to his "bien aimée," "God has willed it. I offer Him all the rest if it be His will. I hope to see thee soon, which is now my only joy." Alas, he never saw her more. From her deathbed she wrote, "that it was sad to die far from him whom she loved better than herself—but so God willed—and she conjured him if he ever loved her and the children whom she leaves behind to fight to the last extremity in the service of God and for the advancement of His cause." "Mon Dieu," cried the stricken husband, "what sin have I committed to be so rudely chastened—Quel péché ai je commis pour estre si rudement chastié?" and he fulfilled to his life's end her dying request.

"I fail to find," says Besant, "in any gallery of worthies in any country or any century any other man so truly and so incomparably great. There was none like him; not one even among our Elizabethan heroes, so true and loyal, so religious and steadfast, as the great Admiral." The world is forever ennobled, life is richer, grander, truer, our common humanity is elevated and dignified, because such as he have lived and died.

DENIAL.

WE look with scorn on Peter's thrice-told lie!
Boldly we say, "Good brother! you nor I,
So near the sacred Lord, the Christ indeed,
Had dared His name and marvellous grace deny."

O futile boast! O haughty lips, be dumb!
Unheralded by boisterous trump or drum,
How oft, mid silent eyes and midnight chimes,
Vainly to us our pleading Lord hath come—

Knocked at our hearts, striven to enter there;
But we, poor slaves of mortal sin and care,
Sunk in deep sloth, or bound by spiritual sleep,
Heard not the voice divine, the tender prayer!

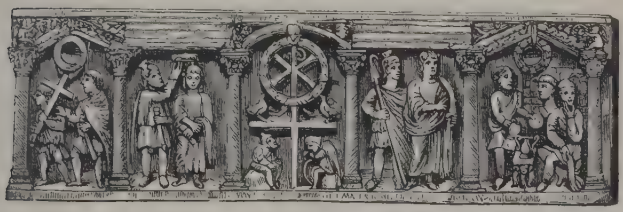
—*Paul H. Hayne.*

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER VII.—WITH HILARUS, THE FOSSOR.



SARCOPHAGUS NOW IN LATERAN MUSEUM.

"No one becomes vile all at once," said the Roman moralist, and we would be unjust to the fickle, fawning Greek Isidorus, if we concluded that deliberate treachery was his purpose, as, at the invitation of Primitius, he repaired next day to the catacomb of St. Calixtus. His was a susceptible, impressionable nature, easily influenced by its environment, like certain substances that acquire the odour, fragrant or foul, of the atmosphere by which they are surrounded. Amid the vileness of the Roman court, his better feelings died, and he was willing to become the minion of tyranny, or the tool of treachery. Amid the holy influences of the Christian assembly, some chord responded, like an Eolian harp, to the breathings of the airs from heaven. It was, therefore, with strangely conflicting feelings, that he passed beneath the Capuan Gate, and along the Appian Way, toward the Villa Marcella. His better nature recoiled from his purposed treachery of the previous day. His heart yearned to know more of that strange power which sustained the Christian martyr in the presence of torture and of death.

He was recognized by the porter at the gate of the villa as the companion of Faustus, and on his inquiry for the house of Hilarus, the fossor, was directed to a low-walled, tile-roofed building, such as may be seen in many parts of the Campagna to the present day. About the house were many stone chippings, and numerous slabs of marble. Under a sort of arbour, covered

with vine branches in full leaf, stood a grisly-visaged man, with close-cropped, iron-gray hair, chipping with mallet and chisel at a large sarcophagus, or stone coffin, upon a mason's bench.

"Do I address Hilarus, the fossor?" asked the Greek, with a graceful salutation.

"I am Hilarus, at your service, noble sir," replied the old man, with a kindly expression of countenance.

The young Greek then told of the invitation given him by the good presbyter, Primitius, and requested to be conducted to him.

"You are, of course, known to the porter, or you would not have obtained admission to these grounds," said Hilarus. "But you will first honour my poor roof by partaking some refreshment after your hot walk from the city."

"Thanks, good friend," replied the Greek, "a draught of your native wine would not be amiss. Nay, I would prefer it here beneath the grateful shadow of this vine," he continued, as Hilarus courteously led the way to the open door of the cottage. This was quite small, and had almost no furniture save some earthen pots for cooking at an open fireplace. In a moment the old man re-appeared with an earthen flagon of wine and a bronze salver, with bread and goat's milk cheese, and a bronze cup.*

"For whom is this elegant sarcophagus?" asked Isidorus, as he sipped his wine.

"I pray it be not for her who orders it," said the old man, devoutly; "at least not for many a long day to come. The good Lady Marcella bade me exercise my best skill in setting forth the great truths of the Gospel, that in death as in life, she said, she might teach the doctrines of Christ. She often comes to see how I get on with it, and to describe how she wishes it to be. See," said the old man, pointing to the side (see engraving at the head of this chapter), "the general idea is all her own, the details only are mine. These four groups exhibit four scenes in the life—or rather in the death—of our Lord. To the extreme right we see Pilate, warned by his wife, washing his hands and

*Just such a peasant's house the writer visited on the Appian Way, near this spot, and just such a repast he shared at the entrance of this very catacomb. "The wine," said the guide, "is necessary to guard against a chill." The contrast between the temperature above ground and below was about 30°.

saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person,' and yet, like a coward, consenting to His death, he was as guilty as Judas, who betrayed Him."

At this the Greek visibly winced, then paled and flushed, and said, "Well, what is the next group?"

"That is part of the same," said the sculptor, with evident pride in his work. "It represents our Lord, guarded by a Roman soldier, witnessing a good confession before Pontius Pilate. In the central niche are two soldiers, types of the Christian warriors, whose only place of safety is beneath the cross; while above are the wreath of victory, the doves of peace, and the sacred monogram, made up, I need not tell you, who are a Greek, of the two first letters of the word Christos. To the left you observe a Roman soldier, putting on Jesus the crown of thorns, and in the last, Simon, the Cyrenian, guarded by a soldier bearing His cross."*

"And for whom are all these funeral tablets," said Isidorus, pointing to a number of slabs partly executed—some with the engraved outline of a dove, or fish, or anchor, or olive branch upon them—leaning against the wall.

"For whom God pleases," said the old man, devoutly. "I keep them ready to suit purchasers, and then I have only to fill the name and age, or date."

"But see here," said the Greek, touching with his foot one on which were effigies of Castor and Pollux, the "great twin brethren" of the Roman mythology, and the letters, "DIS MANIBVS—To the Divine Spirits;" "this is a pagan inscription. How come you to use that?"

"Oh, we turn up such slabs by scores, in ploughing the fields hereabout. They may be hundreds of years old, for aught I know. We just turn that side to the wall, or deface it with a few strokes of the chisel."

"It was a prentice hand that made *that*, I'll be bound," said the Greek, pointing to one on which was rudely painted in black pigment, the sprawling inscription that follows, no two letters being the same size—

LOCVSAVGVSTISVTORIS.

"The Place of Augustus, the Shoemaker."

*This sarcophagus, with many others resembling it, the writer studied minutely in the Lateran Museum at Rome.

"Oh, that is the epitaph of a poor cobbler. I let my boys do that for nothing. They will soon be able to do better. Here now is one by my oldest son, of which I would not be ashamed myself;" and he pointed to a neatly-cut inscription, the letters coloured with a bright vermillion pigment, which ran thus,—

AVRELIAE THEVDOSIAE
BENIGNISSIMAE ET INCOMPARABILI FEMINAE
AVRELIVS OPTATVS
CONIVGE INNOCENTISSIMAE

"Aurelius Optatus, to his most innocent wife, Aurelia Theudosia, a most gracious and incomparable woman."

"We will now, if you are sufficiently cool," he went on, "enter the catacomb. It is not well to make too sudden a transition from this sultry heat to their chilly depths."

"Thanks," said the young man, "I shall find the change from this sultry air, I doubt not, very agreeable;" and they crossed a vineyard under a blazing sun, that made the cool crypts exceedingly grateful. Descending the stairway, the guide took from a niche a small terra-cotta lamp, which he carefully trimmed and lit at another, which was always kept burning there.*

"Is there not danger of losing one's way in this labyrinth?" asked the Greek, feeling no small degree of the terror of his late adventure returning.

"Very great danger, indeed," replied Hilarus, "unless you know the clue and marks by which we steer, almost like ships at sea. But knowing these, the way may become as familiar as the streets of Rome. You may, perhaps, have heard of Cæcilia, a blind girl, who acted as guide to these subterranean places of assembly, because to her accustomed feet the path was as easy as the Appian Way to those who see."

"How many Greek epitaphs there are," said Isidorus, deeply interested in scanning the inscriptions as he passed.

"Yes," said the fossor, "there are a-many of your countryfolk

* The writer has some of these earthen lamps which once did service in the Catacombs. They bear Christian symbols, inscribed before baking —a dove, anchor, olive branch, fish, and the like.

buried here; and even some who are not like to have their epitaphs written in the language in which holy Paulus wrote his epistle to the Church in Rome."

"But what wretched scrawls the most of them are," said the Greek, with something like a sneer; "and see, here is one even upside down."

"Yes, noble sir," continued the old man, "not many mighty, not many noble are called—most of those who sleep around us are God's great family of the poor. Indeed, most of them were slaves. That poor fellow was a martyr in the last persecution. I mind it well, though it is years agone. We buried him by stealth at dead of night, and did not notice that the hastily written inscription was reversed."

Sectional View of Gallery and Chambers, Showing Light and Air Shaft.

The dim rays of their lamp and taper made but a faint ring of light about their feet. Their steps, as they walked over the rocky floor, echoed strangely down the long-drawn corridors and hollow vaults, dying gradually away in the solemn stillness of this valley of the shadow of death. The sudden transition from the brilliant Italian sunlight to this sepulchral gloom, from the busy city of the living to this silent city of the dead, smote the heart of the susceptible youth with a feeling of awe. And all around in this vast necropolis, each in his narrow cell forever laid, were unnumbered thousands, who were once like himself, full of energy and life.

As they advanced, a faint light in the distance seemed to penetrate the gloom. It grew brighter as they approached, and attracted by the sound of the footsteps, a venerable figure emerged from a doorway and stood in the flood of light which poured down from an opening in the vaulted roof, which extended to the bright free air above. Almost like an apparition from the other world, in the strong, Rembrandt-like illumination in which he stood, looked the venerable Primitius, clothed in white, with silvery hair and flowing beard, and high, bare brow.

As Isidorus glanced up the shaft, he saw the blue sky shining far above, and the waving of the long grass that fringed the opening for light and air. This construction—a very frequent one in the Catacombs—is shown in sectional view on the previous page. On each side of the corridor was a chamber about twelve feet square, also lit up by this shaft, which, plastered with white stucco, reflected the light into every part.

"Welcome, my son," said the venerable presbyter, as he sat down on a bench hewn out of the dry pummice-like rock. "Welcome to these abodes of death; may they prove to thee the birthplace to eternal life;" and he laid his hand benignantly on the head of the young man, whom he had motioned to a seat beside him.

"Sire," said the youth, all the nobler feelings of his nature deeply moved, "I wish above all things to sit at your feet and to learn the lessons of wisdom which you are so well able to impart. But are these seemly surroundings for a man of your years and condition?—this rocky vault, this utter loneliness, and these crumbling relics of mortality?" and he shuddered as he glanced at the shattered sepulchral slabs, which revealed the remains of what was once man in his strength, woman in her beauty, or a sweet child in its innocence and glee.

"Why not, my son? soon I must lie down with them and be at rest. The thought has no terrors to my soul. I know no loneliness, and through the care of kind friends my wants are all supplied. But your young blood and sensitive imagination, I perceive, shrink from these things to which, by long use, I have become accustomed. Let us go into the adjoining chamber, which you will find more cheerful, and, I trust, not less instructive."

CHAPTER VIII.—WITH PRIMITIUS, THE PRESBYTER.

PAINTED CHAMBER IN THE CATACOMBS.

The venerable presbyter laid his hand familiarly on the young man's shoulder and conducted him into a smaller, but much more elegantly finished, apartment. It contained no graves, save an arched tomb which had never been used; at one side was a shelf for lamps. The whole surface of the wall was covered with hard white stucco, which was divided into panels by bands and borders of brilliant red and blue, as shown in the accompanying cut. The vaulted ceiling was similarly divided. The angles were filled in with elegant floral designs, and the panels with Biblical and symbolical paintings, which Primitius began now to explain.

"Thou seest, my son," he said, "that central group above the arch. That represents the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep. Thou perceivest He bears the lost sheep upon His shoulders, and gently leads those which follow Him. Even so, all we, like sheep, have gone astray, but the blessed Saviour seeks the erring, and brings them into the safe and true fold. Thou seest to the left the figure between the two lions. That is Daniel in the lion's den; and to the right are the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace. These, my son, are symbols of the Church

of Christ, amid the wild beasts and the fires of persecutions. But she shall be delivered unhurt; she shall come forth unscathed. In the ceiling you will observe praying figures between lambs, the emblems of the Church, the Bride which is the Lamb's wife, perpetually engaged in adoration and prayer."

The youth was deeply impressed, and almost awed, to see the silvery-haired old man, a refugee from persecution, in these subterranean crypts, with the full assurance of faith, confronting all the power of the persecuting despot of the world, and predicting the triumph of that oppressed Church which was compelled to seek safety in those dens and caves of the earth.

The good old man then sought to impart the great truths of our holy religion to his new catechumen, and to implant in his soul the same germs of lofty faith that flourished in his own. With this object he led him through the long corridors and chambers of the vast encampment of death—a sort of whispering gallery of the past, eloquent with the expression of the faith and hope of the silent sleepers in their narrow cells.

"Listen, my son," said Primitius, "to the testimony of the dead in Christ, and of the martyrs for the truth," and pausing from time to time before some inscribed or painted slab, he pointed out the lofty hopes which sustained their souls in the very presence of death.

"Here," he said, entering again the chamber he had first left, "is the sepulchre of my own beloved wife. When depressed and lonely, I come hither and derive strength and consolation by reading the words which she requested, with her dying breath, should be written on her tomb," and with deep emotion he traced with his finger the inscription :—*

PARCITE VOS LACRIMIS DVLCIS CVM CONIVGE NATAE
VIVENTEMQVE DEO CREDITE FLERE NEFAS.

"Refrain from tears, my sweet children and husband, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God."

"And here," he went on, "is the tomb of our little child," and Isidorus read with softened spirit the words :—

* The following, except the last one, are all authentic inscriptions from the Catacombs, selected from many hundreds, translated by the writer in his volume on this subject.

AGNELLVS DEI—PARVM STETIT APVD NOS ET PRAECESSIT NOS IN PACE.

"God's little lamb—he stayed but a short time with us, and went before us in peace."

"And here," said Primitius, "is the couch of our eldest daughter," and he read, with caressing tones, her epitaph :—

ANIMA DVLCIS INNOCVA SAPIENS ET PVLCHRA—NON MORTVA SED DATA SOMNO.

"A sweet spirit, guileless, wise, beautiful. She is not dead but sleepeth."

"This is certainly very different," said Isidorus, "from two epitaphs I read to-day upon the pagan tombs on the Appian Way. They ran thus :—

DECIPIMVR VOTIS ET TEMPORE FALLIMVR ET MORS DERIDET CVRAS ANXIA VITA NIHIL.

"We are deceived by our vows, misled by time, and death derides our cares ; anxious life is naught."

INFANTI DVLCISSIMO QVEM DEI IRATI AETERNO SOMNO DEDERVNT.

"To a very sweet child, whom the angry gods gave to eternal sleep."

"Yes," said Primitius, "nothing can sustain the soul in the presence of death, but such faith as that of my friend Eutuchius, who sleeps here ;" and he read the lofty line :—

IN CHRISTVM CREDENS PREMIA LVCIS HABET.

"Believing in Christ, he has the rewards of the light (of heaven)."

"Similar are these also," and he pointed to the following ill-written, but sublime, epitaphs, which Isidorus slowly spelled out :—

DVLCIS ET INNOCES (*sic*) HIC DORMIT SEVERIANVS SOMNO PACIS CVIVS SPIRITVS IN LVCE DOMINI SVSCEPTVS EST,—IN SEMPETERNALE AEVVM QVIESCIT SECVRVS.

"Here lies in the sleep of peace, the sweet and innocent Severianus, whose spirit is received into the light of God. He rests free from care throughout endless time."

"But how were these Christians so confident of the future life," asked the Greek, "when the greatest of the philosophers and sages—a Socrates or Cicero—never rose above a vague 'perhaps,' and even the philosophic Pliny, anticipating only

annihilation, writes, 'there is no more consciousness after death than before birth.'"

"Find there thy answer, young man," exclaimed Primitius, and with a gleam of exultation in his eyes, he pointed to the following epitaphs:—

CREDO QVIA REDEMPTOR MEVS VIVIT ET NOVISSIMO DIE
DE TERRA SVSCITABIT ME IN CARNE MEA VIDEBO DOMINVM.

"I believe, because that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day shall raise me from the earth, that in my flesh I shall see the Lord."

HIC REQVIESCIT CARO MEA NOVISSIMO VERO DIE
PER CHRISTVM CREDO RECVSCITABITVR A MORTVIS.

"Here rests my flesh, but at the last day, through Christ, I believe it will be raised from the dead."

"And must the soul, then, slumber with the body in blank unconsciousness till this 'last day?'" asked the Greek. "Methinks I should shudder at going out into the dark inane, like a taper extinguished in these gloomy vaults. Better is the dim and ghostly Hades, and Elysian Fields of our own mythology, than that."

"Not so, my son," replied Primitius, "we believe with the blessed Paul—that as soon as the soul passes from earth's living death, it enters into the undying life and unfading bliss of heaven." And he pointed out, one after another, the following epitaphs corroborating his view:—

CORPVS HABET TELLVS ANIMAM CAELESTIA REGNA MENS NESCIA
MORTIS VIVIT ET ASPECTV FRVITVR BENE CONSCIA CHRISTI.

"The soul lives unknowing of death, and consciously rejoices in the vision of Christ."

PRIMA VIVIS IN GLORIA DEI ET IN PACE DOMINI NOSTRI XR.

"Prima, thou livest in the glory of God, and in the peace of Christ our Lord."

"This is indeed a high philosophy, beyond aught I ever heard before," said Isidorus, deeply moved. "Whence do you Christians derive such lofty teachings? For as Hilarus but now said, most of your sect are poor and lowly in this world's goods and rank."

"Our teaching comes, my son, from God Himself, the Great

Father of lights, and from Jesus Christ our Lord. Behold, as the greatest favour I can do thee, I will lend thee this precious MS. of the Gospel of the blessed John;" and he took from a leathern case a purple vellum parchment scroll, inscribed with letters of silver. "Cherish it carefully; 'tis worth more than gold. When thou hast well pondered it, I will lend thee the letter of the blessed Paul to the infant Church in this city of Rome. But here comes Hilarus to conduct thee back to the light of day. Return hither, if thou canst, on the fourth day from now—the day of our Sabbath assembly. My blessing be upon thee. *Pax vobiscum et cum spiritu tuo.*"

The young Greek knelt at the old man's feet, then rose and kissed his hand, and followed in silence the fossor Hilarus. At length he broke the silence by inquiring,—

"What's the meaning, good Hilarus, of all these strange figures which I have noted on the tombstones as I passed. I have observed a lion, a pig, an ass, a cobbler's last, carpenters', masons', and wool-combers' implements; a fish, a ship, an anchor, and the like—all scratched or painted on the stone slabs. They have no religious significance, surely?"

"Well, no, not all of them," said Hilarus, with a smile. "You see, many of the Christians being lowly craftsmen, are unable to read, so the tools or emblems of their calling are inscribed on the tombs of their friends, that they may recognize and find them again in this vast cemetery."

"But the ship, anchor, and fish are not signs of a handicraft, unless that of sailor or fisherman."

"No, the fish has another and a secret meaning. I need not tell a scholar like you, that the first letters of the Greek names for Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour, make up the word Ichthus, or fish, so it is used as a secret symbol of our faith. The ship is the emblem, I have been told, even in your own country, of a well-spent life, and to us it signifies a soul entering into the haven of eternal rest. While our holy hopes are the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil."

"Well, and the lion, ass, and pig? What about them?"

"These," said the fossor, with a laugh, which seemed as incongruous to him as it would be to a modern sexton, for such his office virtually was, "these are a sort of play upon the

names of Leo, Onager, and Porcella, the latter was a sort of pet name, I suspect—'Little Pig'—by which their friends, who could not read, could find their tombs."

"What wives these Christians must have had," continued the keenly-observing Greek. "I have noticed several inscriptions, in which they are said to have passed ten, twenty, thirty, and one even fifty years of married life—SINE IVRGIO, SINE AEMVLATIONE, SINE DISSIDIO, SINE QVERELA—'Without contention, without emulation, without dissension, without strife.' There are no such wives in Rome now, I'll be bound—at least in the Rome I am acquainted with."

"Yes," said the old man, with a sigh, "come with me into yonder chapel. I always, in passing this way, stop there to see again the sepulchre of the best wife God ever gave to any man."

After walking in silence some minutes, he entered a sort of family vault, and lit a bronze lamp, shaped like a ship, hanging from the vaulted ceiling, while Isidorus studied out the following inscription, not altogether free from errors in spelling and grammar:—

CONIVGE VENEVANDE BONE INNOCVA FLORENTIA DIGNA PIA AMABILIS PVDICA *(sic)* DEO FIDELIS DVLCIS MARITO NVTRIX FAMILIAE IIVMILIS CVNCTIS AMATRIX PAVPERVM. BIXIT MECVM ANN. XXXII. MENS. IX. DIES V. HOR. X. SCRVPVLOS XII. SEMPER CONCORDES SINE VLLA QVERELA. BIXIT PLVS MINVS ANN. LII. MENS. V. INCOMPARABILEM CONIVGEM MALE FRACTVS CONIVX GEMITV TRISTI LACRIMIS DEFLET.

"To my wife Florentia, deserving of honour, good, guileless, worthy, pious, amiable, modest, faithful to God, endeared to her husband, the nurse of her family, humble to all, a lover of the poor. She lived with me *(i.e.,* was married) thirty-two years, nine months, five days, ten hours, six scruples (about a quarter of an hour—they were very scrupulous about this). She lived (altogether) fifty-two years, five months, more or less. The sore-broken husband bewails, with tears and bitter lamentation, his incomparable spouse."

"Yes, I made it all up, and carved it all myself," said the old man, as Isidorus finished reading the long inscription; "and if I say it myself, I don't think there is a better in the whole Catacomb; you see, I selected the best bits from all the best

epitaphs, and she deserved it every word, dear soul," and he drew his rough hand across his moistened eyes.

The easy-tempered Greek was too good-natured to inflict wanton pain, so he ignored its bad Latinity, and contented himself with saying that "it was indeed a very remarkable epitaph."

In a few minutes they emerged from the gloom of the Catacomb to the golden glory which was flooding the broad Campagna from the westering sun. "Would," thought Isidorus within himself, "that I could thus emerge from the gloomy doubts and fears in which my spirit gropes, to the golden light of Christian life."

THE FESTA OF ST. AGNESE.

BY MRS. M. E. LAUDER.

On the Day of St. Agnese, the 21st of January, we drove to the Basilica of St. Agnese, *fuori le mura*—outside the walls—which is situated in the Campagna, a mile from the eastern side of Rome. The Porta Pia, through which we pass, bears the headless statues of St. Agnese and St. Alessandro, and a fresco of the Virgin and Child. This gate has replaced the ancient Porta Nomentana, which lies somewhat to the right, and as we drive through it into the old Roman Via Nomentana, we recall two remarkable events, the flight of Nero, and the march of the Plebeians to the Monte Sacro. Beneath the Porta Nomentana went forth also the martyrs to their death.

It was a lovely day, although the Tramontane blew, the sun shone warm and clear, the heavens were the blue of Italy, and the Alban Mountains glistened white in the sunlight as if covered with snow. The way to the Basilica, the shrine of St. Agnese, is flanked with several villas and high walls, so that one does not emerge into the open Campagna, with an uninterrupted view till beyond it. The Basilica was built by Constantine, and rebuilt by Honorius I., in the early part of the seventh century. As we entered the court of the monastery, our attention was attracted to a large fresco by Sojetti, in a chamber on the right, which

represents the scene when Pio Nono fell through the floor into a cellar with his cardinals and attendants in 1855, at the dedication of the restored church.

The Basilica is one of the most interesting of Rome, and retains more of the ancient characteristics of these old churches, than almost any other. The approach—or rather the descent—to the church, is by a broad marble staircase of forty-five steps, and is lined on both sides with inscriptions from the Catacombs. The impression made from the top of this flight of stairs is unique and striking. A thousand recollections of the wonderful history of Christ's Church in Rome, rush into one's mind. From the foot of this staircase the view of the whole church is commanded at once. The nave is divided from the aisles by sixteen picturesque columns of porta-santa, pavonazzetto, and other marble, supporting arches. Above these arches a row of smaller columns supports the beautiful triforium, which is on a level with the ground.

Four rich columns of porphyry support the baldachino, which is comparatively modern. Beneath this is the shrine of St. Agnese, and her statue, an antique of oriental alabaster, restored with head and hands of gilt bronze. Behind, in the tribune, are mosaics of the seventh century, representing St. Agnese standing between the Popes, Honorius I. and Symmachus, and beneath stands the ancient episcopal *sedia*—or chair.

I may remark here that the adoration of no saint is more ancient, after the Apostles, than that of St. Agnese, and her effigy is one of the oldest. She was martyred by being stabbed in the throat, when only in her thirteenth year, during persecutions under Diocletian.

In this chapel is also a masterpiece of sculpture, a marble head of Christ, by Michael Angelo. It is a face full of the deepest sadness, pain and grief. It seems as if the whole anguish of mankind had seized upon the soul of the Divine Sufferer. A tender melancholy, a gentleness, a tenderness, a pity and undying love, look out from those deep eyes—from this Divine countenance. The hair parted in the middle, falls in long locks from a high brow, where the most profound thought sits enthroned.

On the festa of St. Agnese, a special service is held in the Basilica in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon. In the morning two lambs—the lamb is the emblem of this

saint—are consecrated on the altar, and their wool is used to make the pallium of the Pope. This pallium is consecrated before it is worn, by being placed in an urn of gold upon the shrine of St. Peter.

The Catacomb of St. Agnese—one entrance to which is from the half-subterranean Basilica—is illuminated on this day. The usual entrance, however, is in a vineyard a quarter of a mile beyond the Basilica. But let us first see the ancient, round church of St. Costanza, close to St. Agnese, which was built by Constantine as a mausoleum for his daughters, Constantia and Helena. The vaulting is literally covered with mosaics of the fourth century, in flowers, birds, scenes referring to the vintage; many perfectly preserved, and of exquisite execution.

After the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, that of St. Agnese is the most interesting, except, perhaps, that of St. Priscilla, which contains so many martyrs' graves. But I need not enter into long descriptions, for the complete history of these Catacombs, by my friend, the Rev. W. H. Withrow, whose book on this subject we found on sale in Rome, would render that superfluous.

As we enter by a long, narrow staircase, said to be of the time of Constantine, the soul is overwhelmed by its crowding emotions and memories. The long, narrow galleries, lined on each side by the *loculi* for the dead, seemed to me to echo back the voices raised in prayer and praise; and down the fifteen centuries I could fancy still I heard the footsteps of the saints and martyrs. They marched to death, but also to eternal victory. With what emotions I looked upon the palm of victory, scratched in the rock by many a grave—the broken remains of *ampullæ*, glass vases, supposed to mark the graves of martyrs, and to have contained their blood. Our guide pointed out to us in the first gallery, a grave with the names of consuls, and the date, A.D. 336.

In this gallery is a square chamber, hewn in the tufa rock, with a *sedia* each side of the entrance, both supposed to have been schools for catechists.

Opening out of this gallery is a chapel, richly painted, with remains of an altar. The paintings are: our Lord seated between the rolls of the Old and New Testament; the Saviour as Good Shepherd, bearing a sheep on His shoulder, standing between sheep and trees; Daniel in the lion's den; the three children in

the furnace; Moses taking off his shoes; Moses striking the rock; the Paralytic carrying his bed. Near this is another chapel, containing remains of an altar and several well-preserved frescoes—the Good Shepherd; Adam and Eve with the apple-tree between them; Jonah under the gourd; and a female figure, called by Protestants an Orante—by the Romish Church, the Virgin. Near this chapel we could look down into the second floor of the Catacomb, also lined with graves.

In a more distant part of the Catacomb, is a long and narrow chapel, called the Basilica, divided into three parts. In the innermost division are a *sedia*, and lower seats on each side. Here Pope St. Liberius, A. D. 359, lived hidden over a year. We emerged to the light of day, with feelings very much as if we had been walking through a remarkable dream.

But we have a more distant pilgrimage to make. We drive along the ancient Via Nomentana, through the green and solitary Campagna, to the river Anio, where the fabled Silvia became a goddess, the stream which bore the cradle of her twin boys into the Tiber, finally to be landed at the foot of Monte Palatino; and where the ashes of Marius were thrown, by command of his victorious rival, Sylla. We cross the Anio by the Ponte Nomentana, resembling a mediæval castle with battlements; and now to our right and left lies Monte Sacro, so famous in the history of Rome.

Like a vast sea, extends the silent Campagna. In the far distance we see the ruins of the aqueducts; at different points the sublime dome of St. Peters' rises to view; on our horizon, the Sabine and Alban Mountains.

At length, seven miles from the walls of Rome, we reach the ruins of the disinterred Basilica of St. Alessandro, built on the spot where that Pope suffered martyrdom, together with his two friends, Eventius and Theodulus, A. D. 119, and where the three were buried by the Christian matron, Severina. The Basilica was unburied in 1857. Its plan is still perfect; the tribune and altar retain fragments of rich marbles, and the *sedia* still stands in its place. Solemn and silent is the scene on which we gaze, while we fancy that hour of suffering so many centuries ago. How enchanting the graceful forms and varying hues of the Sabine and Alban hills. They look calmly down now as

then, and the great heart of Nature beats on undisturbed by all the changes of human destiny.

Arriving again at the Basilica of St. Agnese, we find a scene like a German *messe.* On the road are at least fifty carriages in waiting; an army of beggars lines the way from the gates to the church door, and oh! such pitiful objects in rags and dirt they are. The magnificent staircase, the rich and beautiful church, were crowded, so that it was with much delay I could reach the chapel containing Michael Anglo's head of the Redeemer. I stood long lost in musings before it, and meanwhile the crowd came and went, and the music filled the church.

We returned with a wonderful sunset to Rome, after a day too memorable ever to be even forgotten.

ROME, *Feb. 4th, 1881.*

THE HIGHER LIFE.

"IF IT WERE NOT SO, I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU."

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

LOVE goeth thro' Christ's precious words, and takes
  Up as with unseen hands,
E'en as the loadstone gathers to itself
  The glittering steely sands.
Closely these words Love held, as doth that stone
The shining grains, she said them one by one—

Christ would have told if any hope of ours
  Would not fruition bring—
If our home-longings for the Father's house
  Came only heralding
Th' bitterness that cometh of th' unfulfilled;
"I go," Christ said, "and let your fears be stilled."

"My Father's house hath many mansions fair,
  I would have told if ye
Were not to share the quietude and peace
  The Father giveth me.
Were it not so," He said, "I would have told,"
Lest any heart a sweet false hope should hold.

O love ineffable! O tenderness!
Our human heart would miss
The tenderest chord from out Christ's living word,
Had He not left us this
Assurance that He "would have told" us so
If we no sure abiding place should know.

Then why not take the word and be content,
Wayfarers of a day—
Dwellers in tents at night, ye have Christ's word
To be your hidden stay.
He would not disappoint, He knoweth all;
How darkly o'er the soul the shadows fall

When promise fails, when any hope dies out.
Yea, Lord, we surely know
That where Thou art, our inmost soul is called
In simple faith to go.
As surely as Thou dost a "place prepare,"
We know that we Thy blessedness shall share.

Christian Perfection.

Do not mistake angelical for Christian perfection. Uninterrupted transports of praise, and ceaseless raptures of joy do not belong to Christian but to angelical perfection. Our feeble frame can bear but a few drops of that glorious cup. In general, that new wine is too strong for our old bottles; that power is too excellent for our earthen, cracked vessels; but weak as they are, they can bear a fullness of meekness, of resignation, of humility, and of that love which is willing to obey unto death. If God indulges you with ecstacies and extraordinary revelations, be thankful for them; but be not exalted above measure by them; take care lest enthusiastic delusions mix themselves with them; and remember that your Christian perfection does not so much consist in building a tabernacle upon Mount Tabor, to rest and enjoy rare sights there, as in resolutely taking up the cross and following Christ to the palace of a proud Caiaphas, to the judgment-hall of an unjust Pilate, and to the top of an ignominious Calvary. Ye never read in your Bible, "Let that glory be upon you, which was also upon St. Stephen, when he looked up steadfastly into heaven, and said, 'Behold, I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.'" But ye have frequently read there, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who made Himself of no reputation,

took upon Him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."- *John Fletcher.*

—What greater encouragement to press on through every difficulty can we have than the promises of a faithful God? Those promises are more stable than the pillars of heaven or the laws of nature: the former may be shaken, the latter reversed; but to persevering faith it is impossible that any promise which God hath made should fail of its accomplishment. Ought not a consideration of this to fire our souls with a holy ambition of gaining all that conformity to the divine will which humanity will permit.—*Joseph Benson.*

—Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning —an endeavour to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

—As the moon doth show her light to the world which she receiveth from the sun, so we ought to bestow the benefits received of God to the profit of our neighbour.—*Cawdray.*

—Grace prepares for glory, and the proportion of grace determines the proportion of glory; or, to put it in a pointed form, the more grace the more glory.

—The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Carlyle.*

—What I have known with respect to myself has tended much to lessen my admiration and contempt for others.—*Dr. Priestly.*

—We know that nothing short of the Holy Spirit's power can enable anyone to accept God's way of salvation as a little child.

—The value of everything in life depends on its power to lead us to God by the shortest road.—*F. W. Faber.*

—The gift of prayer may have praise with men; but it is the grace of prayer that has power with God.

—People look at your six days in the week, to see what you mean on the seventh.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Death of the Czar.

The saying, of Napoleon's, we believe, that the government of Russia is a despotism tempered by assassination, has had another tragical illustration. After seven attempts to compass the Czar's death by violent means the Nihilists have succeeded in their object. For years he has seen the sword of Damocles suspended over his head, making his days and nights, amid the splendours of his court, bitter with apprehension and dismay. He has realized to the full the truth of the words, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Yet, since Peter the Great, Russia has had no better sovereign, nor one with equal claims to be held in grateful remembrance. The man who, in opposition to the will of the court and great nobles, decreed and carried out the most comprehensive emancipation known in the history of the race, deserved a better fate than to be thus hounded to his death. Forty millions of serfs, elevated by his act from a condition little above that of cattle to that of men, will sincerely regret his tragic fate. The atheistic Nihilism, with which the upper stratum of society is honeycombed, affects not the great mass of the nation ; or the nation would fall into anarchy and chaos. The oppressions of the late Czar's government were rather a heritage from the past than attributes personal to himself. And we are told that he had in contemplation a scheme for the granting of representative institutions.

The tension of the explosive forces which undermine the more despotic European governments show the danger of the repression of thought and utterance. With a free press and free speech the vapourings of Nihilism, Communism, and Socialism, would be comparatively powerless. It is their rigid repression which gives them their explosive force. The very license of the press and of political discussion in all English-speaking lands, is a safeguard against civil disaffection.

The assassination, as Metternich would say, was worse than a crime—it was a blunder. Instead of hastening the political emancipation of the people, it has given strength to all the conservative and reactionary forces of society, and the inhuman gloating of this brutal crime in the lowest communistic circles of Christendom, but kindles public indignation against such a deadly and desperate faction.

For the private life of the Czar we have no word of palliation or excuse. It is but another illustration of that other saying of Napoleon, that if you scratch a Russian you will find the Tartar beneath. His unchivalric treatment of the late Czarina is the darkest blot on his name, and is an evidence of the latent barbarism which lurks beneath the polished veneer of Russian society.

The Boer War.

England is at last happily free from another of these "little wars" which are such a drain upon the British tax-payer's pocket, and from which neither credit nor profit can be gained. The Boers in the Transvaal territory had tried the experiment of self-government, and had signally failed. Anarchy and confusion filled the region, and the native tribes were manacing the British frontier. At this juncture in 1878 the English Governor of Natal, with the apparent acquiescence of the Boers, raised the British flag at Pretoria with the aid of only twenty policemen and a sergeant. He organized a government, suppressed the terrible Zulu insurrection, and brought order out of chaos. The Boers now revolt, and secure in their mountain fastnesses, defeat successive expeditions. Under cover of trees, and boulders their skilled marksmen, pick off British officers, and almost annihilate whole brigades

gallantly struggling almost without shelter against great odds. It is no easy task carrying on a war in the heart of a hostile country 6,000 miles from the base of supplies; and England is well out of the distasteful task. No one doubts that, notwithstanding the temporary reverses the power that crushed the Indian mutiny, and captured the capital of Abyssinia, and burnt Coomassie, could also conquer these few hundreds of Dutch farmers. But would the barren victory be worth the sacrifice of blood and treasure it would cost? If peace is gained with honour, without the embitterment of further fighting is it not the more excellent way? Will not England's moral prestige be greater for her substituting peaceful negotiation for armed conflict? The conditions of peace as announced at the time of writing are, as follows: Suzerainty of the Queen, British control of foreign relations, and the establishment of a British Resident at the future capital. The Boers, however, are promised complete self-government.

Anti-temperance Legislation.

The temperance community of the Dominion has been strongly stirred by the attempt in the Dominion Senate to neutralize or destroy any efficacy given to prohibitory legislation by the Scott Act of last year. Senator Almon's amendment permitting practical free trade in wine and beer would probably not have passed the Commons, even had there been time to bring it up. But the very attempt to frustrate the purpose of the Scott Act shows the danger which menaces it, and will cause the friends of the Act to work all the more zealously in its behalf. The very intensity of the indignation manifested shows the growing strength of the sentiment in favour of prohibition.

The Revised New Testament.

It has been asserted by a high authority that the revision of the New Testament is the most momentous event of this century. Certainly, no one will question that it is an event of great and far-reaching importance. It will probably give such an impetus to the study of God's Word, as nothing has ever given before; and it will, we believe, more clearly convey the meaning of the Divine mind than any translation or version ever made. All the English-speaking race is eagerly awaiting the issue of this book. We presume that the chief reason for the delay of its publication till the middle of May, is to have ready the large supply needed to meet the immense demand. It will be published simultaneously in Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and the United States; and certain publishers announce that in twenty-four hours after the receipt of the first copy they will issue an American edition. This, however, by the copyright law, is excluded from Canada.

It will be seen by the Book-Steward's announcement in our advertising pages, that he has, with his usual enterprise and energy, made arrangements to have large orders of all sizes of type and styles of binding promptly filled. So great, however, is sure to be the demand, that persons desiring early copies should place their orders at once, as they will be filled in rotation as received. The patrons of our Connexional Book and Publishing House, and the trade generally, we are assured by the Book-Steward, may depend on being supplied as promptly and as cheaply through this house, as through any other in the country.

We hope that all our readers who have ordered our premium book have by this time received it. If they have not, they will confer a favour by notifying us of the fact, and the error will be at once rectified. In sending out so many hundreds of copies as we have issued, it is difficult to absolutely escape making mistakes. We are confident that those who receive the premium will derive from it a large amount of pleasure and profit. It is issued solely for the benefit of our readers and to extend our circulation, as each copy costs us more than we receive for it. Those who get it will confer

a favour by commending it to their friends who do not take the MAGAZINE, and by informing them what a strong inducement it is to subscribe.

It has come to our knowledge that a few, a very few, of our old subscribers have complained that new subscribers get the back volumes for half price. But a moment's reflection, we think, will show that there is here no just ground of complaint. These back volumes are like last year's goods in a store. Their commercial value has depreciated, and they have to be reduced in price to sell. They come not fresh month by month, but old and all at once. Moreover, they can only be had by paying full price for the current year. They are offered, so long as they last, as an inducement to get new subscribers. It is this way that the Scribner's so largely increased their circulation, and they now offer nine numbers of last year to new subscribers for one-third the regular price. We are endeavouring, however, not to print in excess of our circulation, so that the offer of this year is quite an exceptional one.

We beg to state, in order to prevent the possibility of misapprehension on the part of any, that every article in every number of this MAGAZINE, to which no name is attached, is written by the editor, unless it is otherwise expressly stated. He, therefore, assumes the full responsibility for these articles, and if any of them are in any degree censurable, upon him must the censure rest.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Secretary of State has given instructions to the general officers in command of troops in Natal and the Transvaal, to give every facility to the Wesleyan missionaries who labour in connection with the army, during the continuance of the war in that country.

The Rev. Arthur P. Chaplin, writing of an increase of eighty converts in the Natal district, says the encouraging result is largely due to the energy and zeal of the native preachers. "I never," he testifies, "saw the equal of a good Zulu Christian anywhere in seeking the salvation of his own brethren. It is a passion with him that puts many of us to shame. An old and infirm couple, by their quiet and persevering labours, induced fourteen women to abandon heathenism and become Christians. The wife was blind, and could not herself go out to visit her neighbours; but she sent her husband, telling him where to go and whom to address, and their mission was only known to themselves." Mr. Chaplin said there were many such cases.

The King of the Friendly Islands has appointed the Rev. Mr. Baker his Prime Minister, in addition to the duties of Minister of Education, which office he has held for some time.

The Methodists of New Zealand are warm advocates for the unification of Methodism, and lately some of the leaders of the movement have advocated the establishment of a common Methodist college, and a common official literature.

Rev. William Gibson appeals to the Wesleyan Churches for the Wesleyan work of evangelization in France, and says, in support of his appeal, that never in the history of the country was there such a chance

of evangelizing it as at present. At least 30,000 out of 40,000 townships are open to evangelical preaching. There is a spirit of hearing everywhere, more particularly in Paris. A Catholic priest recently complained that he could not go anywhere in France without seeing Bibles and Protestant tracts.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

A few gratifying facts have lately occurred. Among others, Dr. Whittier, of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, has undertaken to provide $200 annually to the support of a native missionary in Japan.

Rev. H. F. Bland, Chairman of Pembroke District, has set an example which others would do well to imitate. Recently he spent two days, after driving many miles, among the lumber shanties on the Mattawa. A railway is being constructed, on which some 900 men are employed, about one-third of whom are Protestant. In addition to these, about 5,000 men are employed in lumbering on the Ottawa and its tributaries. In this hive of industry there is only one Presbyterian missionary and an occasional visit from a Bible Society colporteur. Mr. Bland thinks there should be a Wesleyan missionary sent thither; but the Missionary Committee reply, "no funds." It is asserted that there are not less than 30,000 men in the lumber camps of Canada.

The Missionary Secretary, Dr. Sutherland, appeals earnestly for the establishment of Ladies' Branch Missionary Societies in all the congregations of the Methodist Church, and for the formation of Juvenile Missionary Societies in the Sunday-schools, as a grand means of increasing the funds of the Missionary Society. The Committee propose to build at Morley Mission an institution to be called "The McDougall Orphanage and Training School," in commemoration of our lamented brother, the Rev. George McDougall. When it is remembered that in the Saskatchewan District alone, embracing a territory of 250 miles in breadth and 700 in length, there are not less than 10,000 Indians, belonging to the Cree, Blackfoot, and Stoney nations. Among these there are hundreds of orphan children. To gather these poor, neglected children is the object of the orphanage. It demands the patronage of the Methodist people, and should be liberally supported.

We are glad to record the fact that extensive revivals of religion are being enjoyed in several circuits. The President of Toronto Conference has been favoured in an unusual manner at Brampton; while at Lindsay a most extraordinary work is in progress. The whole town seems to be visited. The largest church is crowded to overflowing night after night. The writer has attended a few services, which surpass all he ever remembers to have witnessed in his life before. O, that such a baptism might be enjoyed by all the Churches in the Dominion!

BOOK NOTICES.

Reminiscences by THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. 8vo., pp. 539. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price $2.75. Harper's edition, 12mo., cloth, with 13 portraits, 60 cents; 4to. paper 15 cents. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

The literary event of the month has been the issue of Carlyle's Reminiscences, of which three American editions have been brought out simultaneously, at prices to suit every purse. They were written mostly at Mentone, in Italy, in 1867, whither he went on his wife's death, except the memorial of his father, written in London in 1832. These were placed in the hands of Mr. Froude in 1871, with permission to use as he

wished on the death of the writer. They have a strange and pathetic interest, as the posthumous utterances of one of the greatest writers of his time. They reveal an aspect of his character not exhibited in any other of his books—a depth of tenderness and affection one would hardly have expected in his stern and rugged nature. It is, to use his own figure concerning his father's tenderness of heart, "as if a granite rock should melt into water." This is especially manifested in the memorials of his father and of his wife, but much of it is also seen in the recollections of his early friend, Edward Irving, and of his later patron, Lord Jeffrey. Of these we will try, by a few extracts, to give some idea.

When nearly fifty years ago he learned the tidings of his honoured father's death, he shut himself up for a week, denied himself to visitors, and poured out his soul in these tender recollections which, as we read them, bring tears to our eyes. Never was more loving tribute rendered than by this foremost writer of his age to his lowly and unlettered sire. The father was a hard-working mason and small farmer—such a "peasant-saint" as the son describes as his highest ideal of manhood. The family were poor—very poor. During the "dear years," 1799 and 1800, oatmeal was 10s. a stone, and the household were sometimes in sore straits for food. The humble mason never had a penny but what he had, as he said, "picked out of the hard stone." "Yet from his small, hard-earned funds," says the son, "he sent me to school and college, and made me whatever I am or may become. . . I can call my father a brave man. Man's face he did not fear: God's he always feared. . . I have a sacred pride in my peasant father, and would not exchange him, even now, for any king known to me. . . Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow-world, if God so will, to rejoin him at last. Amen." He was never more than three months at school, and in the seventy-six years of his life never was fifty miles from home; yet he nurtured a heroic soul on the Bible and the catechism. "He was," says the son, "religious with the consent of all his faculties. Without religion he would have been nothing. . . One of our wise heads had told him, 'Educate a boy, and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents.' My father once told me this, and added, 'Thou hast not done so—God be thanked for it.' Oh, was not this a happiness for me! The fame of all this planet was not so precious."

The son's own life was for many years a stern struggle with poverty. "Through life," he says, "I had given him very little, having little to give. . . I once bought him a pair of silver spectacles, on the receipt of which he was very glad and nigh weeping. . . He once offered me (knowing that I was poor) two sovereigns . . his little hoard—his *all* that he had to give. . . I can see my dear father's life as the sunk pillar on which mine was to rise and be built. . . I seem to myself only the continuation and second volume of my father. . . I have repeated, not with unwet eyes, not with unsoftened heart, those old and forever true words, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' . . Thank Heaven, I know what it is to be a son; to love a father as spirit can love spirit. God give me to live to my father's honour and to His! And now, beloved father, farewell, for the last time in this world of shadows! In the world of realities may the Great Father again bring us together in perfect holiness and perfect love! Amen."

The memorial of his wife is characterised by still more tender affection. Their forty years of wedded life seems to have been more than usually harmonious. His fifteen years of widowerhood was one long lament for "the light of his eyes gone out." Over and over again occurs the Spanish phrase *Ay de me*, or its English equivalent, "Ah me," or, still more pathetic, "waes me! Waes me!" Jane Welsh Carlyle was a lineal descendant of John Knox. As a girl she was very pretty and very clever. She read Virgil at nine,

burned her doll on a funeral pile at ten, and wrote a five-act tragedy before she was fourteen. At her Craigenputtoch home she was able to read with her husband, Don Quixote and Tasso, in the original. Carlyle was poor and an invalid ; yet, for love's sweet sake, she bravely fronted poverty, toiled with her hands, baking, brewing, and the like, and closely economised to make her small home-kingdom a happy one ; and such reward she had as woman seldom enjoys. For nine years after their marriage they lived in Scotland, chiefly on a lonely moorland farm. For over 30 years they lived in Cheyne Row, a modest house, in Chelsea. We begin our notes with their advent to this spot. "Here," says Carlyle, "we spent our two-and-thirty years of hard battle against fate. My noble one ! Thanks, darling, for your shining words and acts. Oh, was it not beautiful all this that I have lost forever ! And I was Thomas the Doubter, the unhoping ; till now only half believing in myself and my priceless opulences."

When Mill told him that the first volume of his French Revolution was burned it was, he says, "like half sentence of death to us both. . . Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling gave me, condoling and encouraging like a nobler second self. 'Shall be written again,' my fixed word and resolution to her." Mill sent him £200, of which he accepted only £100, cost of the house while he wrote the book. As he saw the grand folks riding in Hyde Park he used to say grimly, "Yes ; and perhaps none of you could do what I am at." When it was finished he said, "What they will do with this book, none knows, Jeannie, lass ; but they have not had for two hundred years any book that came more truly from any man's heart."

Of money he received for it in three years only £100, except £150 sent him by Emerson for the American edition. His "Sartor" for a long time the publishers would not touch. His main revenue for three or four years was from his lectures—"detestable mixture of prophecy and play-actorism"—he says, "and how we drove together, we poor two, to the place of execution."

He worked hard "with a grim collar about his neck." His Cromwell cost four years "hard toil and misery." "Honour to her," he exclaims, "and thanks to poverty that showed me how noble, worshipful and dear she was." The "Friedrich book time" lasted thirteen years of ill health, "a long dead lift, a hideous nightmare." "What had I to do with their Friedrich ?" he impatiently asks. He used to ride at dusk by way of exercise, "30,000 miles while he wrote that book." "The Latter-Day Pamphlet time" was also very sore and heavy. The critics were down on him too—said he was mad. "In the whole world I had but one complete approver—one, and that was worth all. . . I have no book a thousandth part so beautiful as thou. These were our only children, and will, perhaps, live sometime in the world when we are gone."

In 1866, Carlyle went to Edinburgh to be installed Rector of the University. During his absence, as his wife drove in Hyde Park, her little dog was run over. She got out of her carriage and rescued it. After driving for an hour the coachman wondered that she gave no orders, and found that she was dead.

After a day spent in reading her letters, her husband says, "Not all the Sands, and Eliots, and babbling *cohue* of celebrated, scribbling women could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled into essence, make one such woman." "I doubt, candidly, if I ever saw a nobler human soul than this, which (alas, alas, never rightly valued till now !) accompanied all my steps for forty years." "O, my dear one, sad is my soul for the loss of thee, and will to the end be ! Lonelier creature there is not henceforth in this world. Ah, me ! she never knew how much I loved and admired her. No telling her now. Oh, that I had you yet for but five minutes to tell you all !" "Blind and deaf that we are ! Oh, think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death swoops down the paltry little dust clouds and dissonances of

the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!"

The memorial of Irving gives many interesting autobiographic incidents. They both were school-masters at Kirkaldy for a time. Carlyle read divinity, and preached a trial sermon in the Hall, from the text, "Before I was afflicted I went astray;" but he had doubts and scruples which prevented his continuing the course. He consulted an eminent physician as to his health, "but he might," he says, "as well have poured his sorrows into the long, hairy ear of the first jackass he came upon." Irving he greatly loved. "My ever-generous, loving, and noble Irving." With his vagaries, especially "the gift of tongues," he had no patience, and told him so. But he always appealed to the 13th of 1st Corinthians. When calling at Irving's house there burst forth in an adjoining room, in which were his wife and some female devotees, a "shrieking, hysterical '*Lah, lall, lall.*'" "There, hear you?" said Irving, "there are the Tongues." "Why was there not a bucket of cold water," says Carlyle, "to fling on that *lah-lalling*, hysterical madwoman?"

At Irving's house he met "a good many fanatics of different kinds—one insolent 'Bishop of Toronto,' triumphant Canadian, but Aberdeen by dialect"—our old friend Bishop Strachan. He makes one other reference to Canada as the home of his sister, "Mrs. Aitkin, at Hamilton, Canada West, not far from whom are my brother Alick, too, and others dear to me." Dr. Carlyle, of this city, is his nephew. Irving was prejudiced against Methodism. "Not a good religion, sir," he said to Carlyle; "goes hunting and watching after its own emotions—that is, mainly after its own nervous system."

Of a great moral crisis in 1825 we have this important personal testimony. "This year I found that I had conquered all my scepticisms, agonizing doubtings, and fearful wrestlings with the foul, and vile, and soul-murdering mud-gods of my epoch. . . . What my pious joy and gratitude then was, let the pious soul figure. What was death itself, from the world, to what I had come through? I understood well what the old Christian people meant by 'conversion' by God's infinite mercy to them. I had in effect gained an immense victory, and for a number of years had, in spite of nerves and chagrins, a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant, and which essentially remains with me still, though often eclipsed and lying deeper down than then. Once more thank heaven for its brightest gift." This testimony, written after an interval of more than forty years, when, indeed, he thought himself near his end is a strong ground of confidence that the great moralist of our age was not merely religiously a Theist, but that he was evangelically Christian.

The closing words of this Irving sketch strike the same note. "Like an antique evangelist he walks his stony course, the fixed thought of his heart at all times. 'Though He slay me yet will I trust Him.' . . . He waits in the eternities. Another, his brightest scholar, has left me and gone thither. God be about us all. Amen. Amen."

Memorials of Bishop Haven. Edited by W. H. Daniels, M.A., author of "The Illustrated History of Methodism," cr. 8vo., pp. 359, Red Line edition, full gilt. Steel portrait and engravings. Price $2 50; cheaper edition, $1 50. Boston: B. B. Russell & Co., and Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Gilbert Haven was certainly the most remarkable Bishop of the Methodist Episcopate. Contrary to the general character of such dignitaries, he was intensely radical. His devotion to the coloured race, even from his boyhood, was heroic. When a clerk in a dry goods' store he noticed that a poor coloured woman was neglected, and devoted himself to her till all her wants were supplied. "Who was that nigger to whom you were so polite?" some of his fellow clerks coarsely jeered. "She is my sister," he proudly replied, and

shamed their insults into silence. This is a type of his whole life conduct. "Hallelujah, we've got a coloured bishop now," shouted a member of the General Conference on his election. At Atlanta he went to the best hotel with a negro on his arm. He used, by way of joke, to say, "The time will come when a woman will be president of the United States," and to cap the climax, he added—"a black woman." For the black race he may be said to have died, for on his Episcopal visit to Liberia he caught the fever, which led at last to his death. Among his last words were, "Stand by the coloured man when I am gone. Let some of my coloured brethren carry me to the grave." Such noble chivalry, which made him a brother of Bayard and Sidney, go far to atone for certain extravagances of thought and expression.

This book gives a many-sided view of his life and work as scholar, pastor, editor, bishop and reformer. Then follow memorials and tributes by Bishops Foster, Warren and Wiley; by Drs. Steele, Fowler, Edwards, Rust, Pierce, Cuyler, and others, and noble poems to his memory by Lansing Taylor, Dr. Stokes and Stuart Best. Last of all are 100 pages of "Havenisms," being extracts from his "Pilgrim's Wallet," a book of European travel, from his papers on war and politics, glimpses of Africa, and selections from his "national sermons," etc. There must have been a strange magnetism about the man to inspire such enthusiastic affection as is here expressed. He was also one of the best hated and best abused men of his time. "We don't want your prayers, and we hate you," said a bitter Southerner. "Well, we are commanded to pray for them that hate us. So we shall love and pray for you all the same," was his reply.

His deathbed was a glorious triumph. "There is no death," he said. "There is no river, all is light. I am floating away, away; victory through the blood of the Lamb."

The elegant volume is a worthy tribute to a grand and noble man. Though not of our nation, and sometimes sharply criticising our institutions, as he criticised those of his own land, we commend this record of his life to all who admire a thoroughly manly man.

Voices From the Throne; or, God's Calls to Faith and Obedience. By the Rev. James Cooke Seymour. 12mo., pp. 153, Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 50 cts.

We had the pleasure of reading in MS., this book, the work of a devoted minister of the Toronto Conference, and are glad to see it published in such elegant form. It is one of the most intensely earnest books of practical religion we have read—quite like some of Baxter's practical writings. It is evidently born of the intense convictions of the author's own heart, and is written, as he avows, "to help to save souls, to arouse the people of God to greater holiness and usefulness, and to glorify God." It sets forth the great saving truths of the Gospel, and some of the strongest motives to a life of faith and earnest active piety. The titles of some of its chapters will indicate its scope: The Great King, The King's Son, Life's True Aim, The Rush of Time, The Day of Doom, The Deeps of Woe, The Land of Bliss, Strange Refuges, Welcome to All, etc. We should like to see this book in every Sunday-school library. Ministers will find it admirably adapted to put into the hands of anxious inquirers, or of persons seriously disposed.

Culture and Religion. By Principal Shairp. 8vo., pp. 85. J. K. Funk & Co., and Wm. Briggs. Price 15 cents.

This is a small book on a great subject. It consists of five lectures on The Aim of Culture—its Relation to Religion, the Scientific and Literary Theories of Culture, Hindrances to Spiritual Growth, and Religion Combining Culture with Itself. The views of Principal Shairp on these high themes are well worth pondering by all who would, with Wesley, see conjoined in abiding union, culture and vital godliness.

THE RETURN HOME.

By permission from HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

1 Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, pro - vi - sions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But
oh, the joy up - on the shore, To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell:
Bare all he could endure
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
How nearly had the foe prevail'd.

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears,—
What matter now; (when, so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

From SONGS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE, published by Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book Room Toronto.

Sylvandale Cottage, from Wesley Lake,
Ocean Grove.